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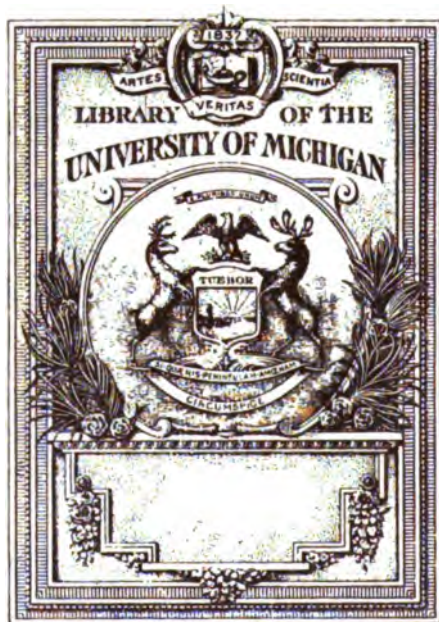
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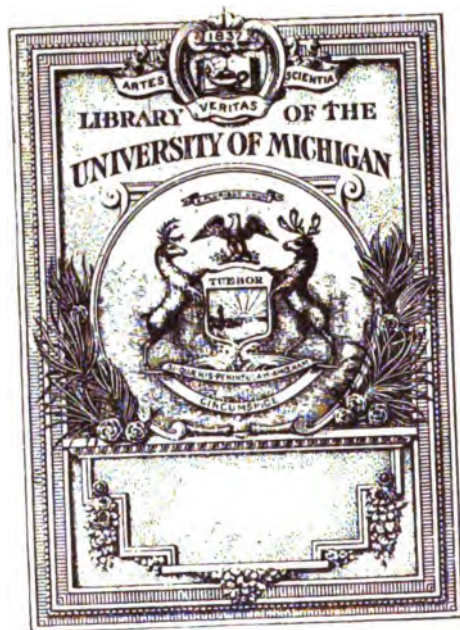
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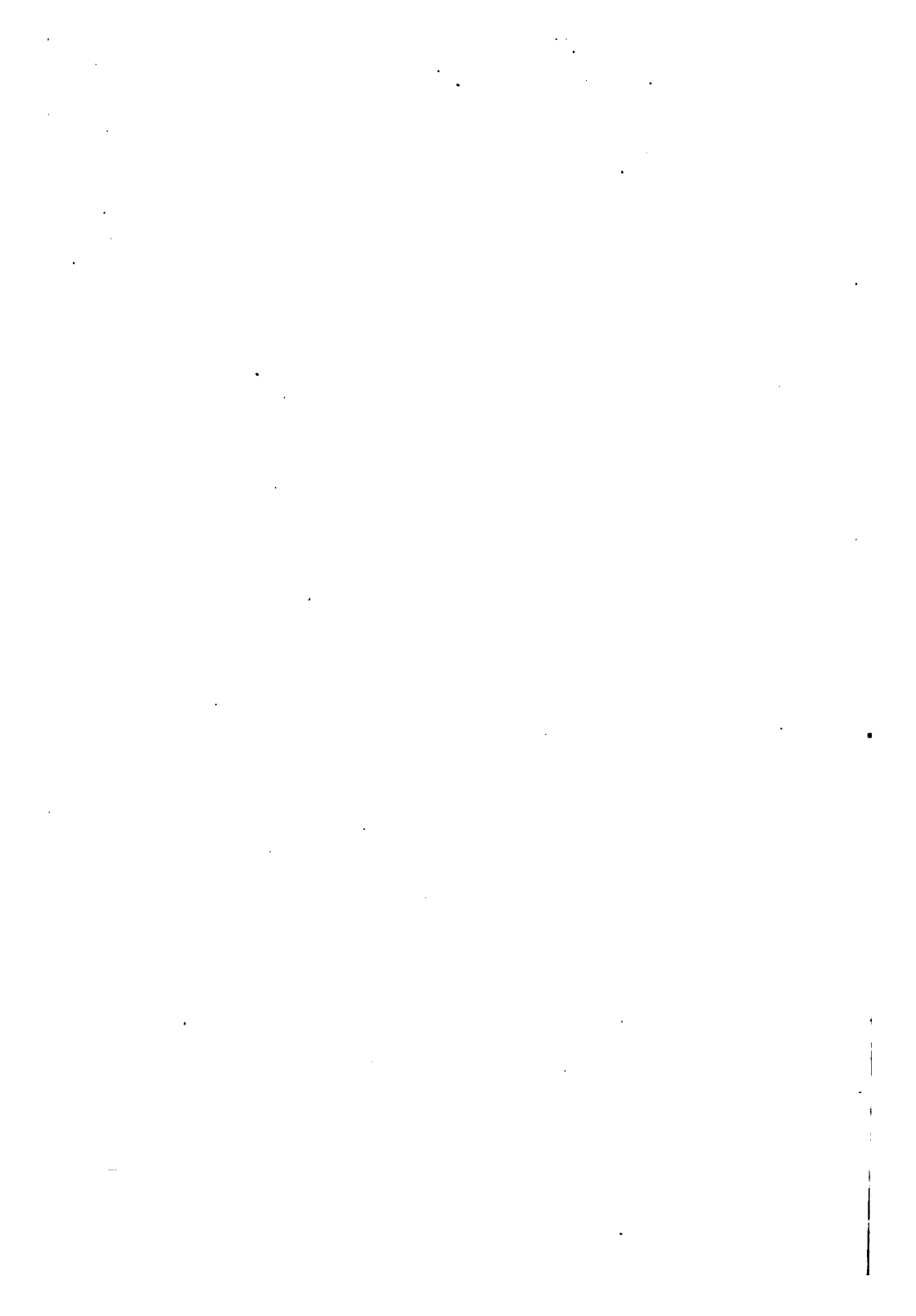


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**PAGES FROM
A GARDEN NOTE-BOOK**



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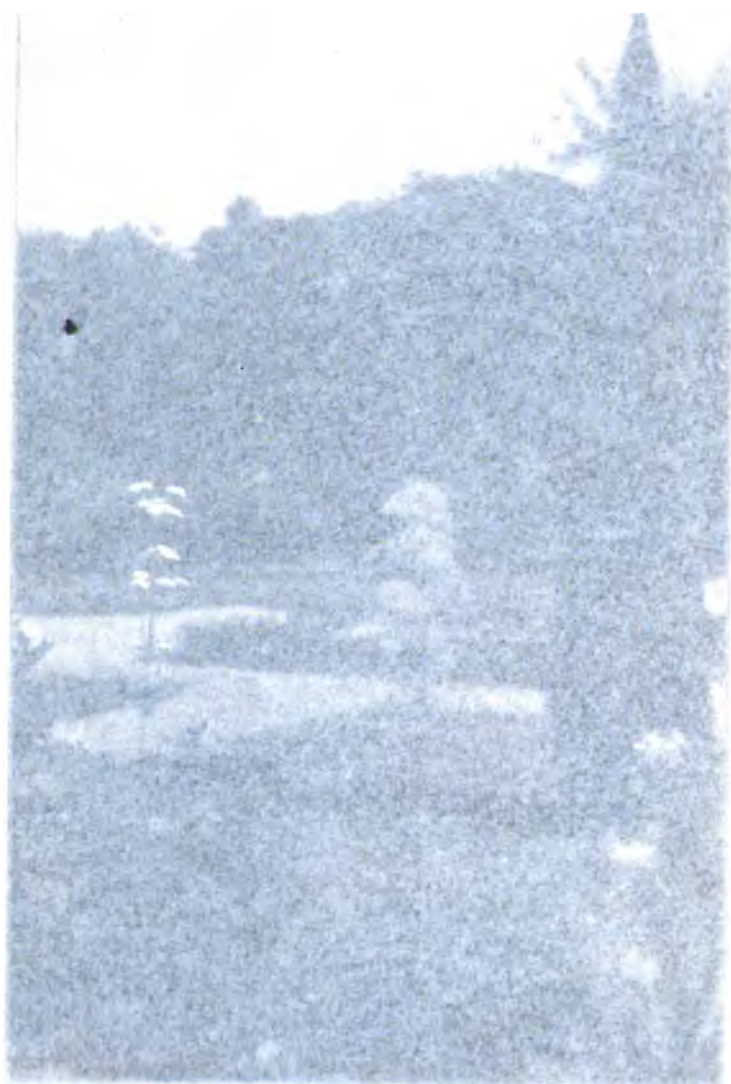
THE BEAUTY OF THE PERPENDICULAR

PAGES FROM
A GIBBER NOTEPAPER.

MRS. FRANCES KILL
A GIBBER NOTEPAPER.

THE END OF THE WORLD.

CHARLES SCOTT MASON
NEW YORK: H. R. KELLEY



PAGES FROM A GARDEN NOTE-BOOK



BY

MRS. FRANCIS KING

AUTHOR OF "THE WELL-CONSIDERED GARDEN"

ILLUSTRATED

CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS
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TO
THE BRIGHT MEMORY OF
F. K. R. AND H. L. R.
AND
THEIR LITTLE GARDEN

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From Anton Tchekhov's Note-Book:

'A conversation on another planet about the earth a thousand years hence: "Do you remember that white tree ——"'

—"The London Mercury," January, 1921.

**What, O Man, shall God remember when the world of men is cold?
All the anguish, all the violence, that have wracked it from of old?**

**Be you not too sure; for haply when the troublers yet to come
Like the dreaded Roman legions or the Tartar hordes are dumb,**

**God shall see an ancient hill-top where an unremembered boy
Laughed because the earth was lovely and to live and breathe was
joy.**

—"The Scales" by CLIFFORD BAX, from
"A House of Words."

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NOTE

To Professor Sargent for permission to republish the article on the Arnold Arboretum; to the editors of "House and Garden," "The House Beautiful," and "The Spur" for their willingness to let me use again various articles written for them; to the kind owner of the "Hidden Garden" and to Messrs. Hicks, of Westbury, Long Island, for the including of that garden's plan, I offer very sincere thanks. To the Garden Club, of New Canaan, and to Mrs. William H. Cary, whose lively warnings follow the chapter "How to Form a Garden Club," I am indebted for leave to print the latter's "Don'ts." Miss Mildred Howells has been so good as to allow the reappearance of her gay and charming stanzas on the seed catalogue, and Miss Isabella Pendleton has kindly permitted the printing here of her interesting color-chart for flowers on page 103. Without the help of Miss Kate O. Sessions of San Diego, the description of the California planting would have lost much value; and to the many friends—especially to the Misses Smith of Four Pines,

NOTE

Penllyn, near Philadelphia — whose generosity has enabled me to describe or to refer to their gardens, or whose agricultural knowledge has been placed at my disposal, I make grateful acknowledgment.

There is, however, one other matter to commend this book. It will be found at the head of each chapter in those sparkling sentences from the letters of Horace Walpole, fourth Earl of Orford. Played upon by this fountain of wit the least significant notes on gardening, as through refracted rays, may perhaps glisten a very little.

LOUISA YEOMANS KING.

Orchard House,
Alma, Michigan,
April, 1921.

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I

**PAGES FROM A GARDEN
NOTE-BOOK**

Drowned as we are, the country never was in such beauty; the herbage and leafage are luxurious. The Thames gives itself Rhone airs, and almost foams; it is none of your home-brewed rivers that Mr. Brown makes with a spade and a watering-pot.

—HORACE WALPOLE to the COUNTESS OF UPPER OSSORY,
Strawberry Hill, Aug. 31, 1782.

I

PAGES FROM A GARDEN NOTE-BOOK

TO the eye of the gardener snow is no winding-sheet, none of the covering of death; it is the warm wrapping mantle of beauty asleep. Beneath the whiteness lie endless radiances of color, wonders untold in flower, plant, tree. How can those who do not garden, who have no part nor lot in the great fraternity of those who watch the changing year as it affects earth and its growth, how can they keep warm their hearts in winter? They are as those who have no hope. A winter day of the coldest may glow and shine with thoughts of summer, but always provision must have been made for that summer, by burying the bulbs, by covering the rosettes of the Canterbury bell or the cut stalks which mark the delphinium root's portion of the garden. These things properly accomplished, the fancy may happily dwell in winter upon the rosy tulip, the golden daffodil, the campanula's full round bells.

And then the first signs of spring, those days

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in mid-January when daylight lasts an hour longer than in December; that blue of the January sky which hints, intangibly hints, of bluer skies to come, the warmer sun. On such days I venture forth into a snow-covered garden, look carefully over shrubs and trees here and there, scrape the bark of a rose or thorn, hoping to find beneath that faithful strip of green, the proof of life and strength. So walking, I come to a spot which, almost hidden by snow, is a source of warm delight; and it is only the mind that makes it so, the memory and the imagination. On a hot August day of last year I suddenly realized that a pair of Cox's Orange Pippin trees flanking the entrance of the main garden to the grassy slopes of the orchard were really grown. They cast full-grown shadows. At once chairs were brought and a garden tea-table, and the true enjoyment of those trees began. Two garden benches then were set along the edges of the gravel walk, just within the garden, and also beneath the Pippin's shade. The popularity of this sitting-place was at once established. Where the two chairs stood, just outside the garden, they were backed by tall lilacs growing almost under the young apples, by *Spiræa Thunbergii* and by a few deutzias, well grown. But now

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the frequent occupation of those chairs began to leave its mark upon the grass, worn spots appeared, and as I considered a remedy for this an experiment flashed to mind. Why not, said I, take the note from the small brick sill which marked the ending of gravel walk and the beginning of grass—why not lay a little platform of brick below the chairs? Then why not give this platform a little design? Two large deutzias were then taken out to make more room, the apple boughs lifted a little and tied into position by means of heavy twine, with lengths of old garden hose around the bough itself, and a fan-shaped space lay below to be paved.

The line was carefully marked—the flat side of the open fan next the garden, the curve outside toward the lawn, the brick laid herring-bone in sand; at once the tree shadows found a lovely background for themselves in the warm tones of the brick, and then a little decorative planting suggested itself. Six plants of *Evonymus vegetus*, lusty and shining, were brought from a border, where they were really wasting themselves, and set around the curves of the platform to be staked and trained as a low evergreen hedge perhaps a foot high. Below this, and close to the edge of

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the brick, also only against the curves, we placed a narrow line of *Iris pumila*, the deep violet one. Beyond this little platform I shook out bag after bag of bulbs of daffodil, and tulip Orange King, for a spring picture, to be seen stretching away from this little new place. Puschkinia is already naturalized there; tulip *Kaufmanniana* gives an early glow to the earth below the lilacs; and now and again a cluster of species tulips, the remnant of generous plantings of years gone by—*Clusiana*, *Greigii*, *viridiflora*—make their own interest, too. I leave the reader to judge if snow can cool the prospect of the spring when one has managed to plan just one small meeting-place like this. It should be really poetic; but one can hardly plan for poetry—that happens or not. A little focal point for friends to use among flowers—that must result in something happy. This reminds me of one of the most charming invitations of my life, an invitation given in a California city, the words said in the sweetest of American voices, the voice of the South—"Come and see my daphnes." It has haunted me as a line of poetry will do.

Who is not familiar with April cold—that chill in the air which in our Northern States seems more unsuitable because of the marvels of color



THE LITTLE PLATFORM



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everywhere on the landscape—those mists of carmine on the swamp dogwoods, that “mealy redness” of the elm blossom, the willow’s golden clouds, all backed by distances of smoky blue and canopied by a clear blue sky. It is not when we are wrapped around by warmth that such pictures exist. They come into being through that force which only the spring knows. They compensate one for the cold winds and chilly airs of our April, which, as Horace Walpole said of May in England, comes in “with its usual severity.” Well wrapped against the weather, April has its peculiar pleasures; here snowdrops and the earliest species crocuses have been gathered long since, and now we search the borders and not in vain.

It is the 8th of May; the first green leaf of the year is everywhere. ‘Do all gardeners rejoice as I do over the look of the garden as it is now? Not a flower in it, but grass edges have been trimmed, sod added where those edges have been overwhelmed last year by the spilling over of lavender, nepeta, ageratum, and other things which do their creeping out so softly but so surely. The grass is mowed; the beds of the garden cultivated, by hand where lilies are supposed to be. Tufts and mounds of all shades of green appear

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above the fine smoothly tilled earth; these are the first growths of all the beauties of early and mid-summer in perennial flowers. All is in low relief, but in perfect order, an order which is enchanting because a living plan is spread out before one, drawn in dazzling green and rich purplish brown, with the surrounding hedges, shrubs, and trees picked out in their own first greens, from Norway maples' wondrous light yellow-green to the silvery leaves of shadbush. On the old apple-trees there are but pin-pricks of that sweetest of all greens, their leaf-buds. Puschkinias and crocuses are faint now, fading, and in unexpected places, under delicately leaved shrubs, daffodils come into their own. In one such spot to-day I found a colony of narcissus *Ariadne* in full bloom over a group of little mertensias of a much darker blue than *virginica*. This must be, I think, *Mertensia lanceolata*, very early; in the shadow, below shrubs, the flower is almost like a sapphire. An interesting flower this, about eight inches high with a deep rose-colored bud, the whole panicle of bloom much richer in color and effect than the commonly used lungwort of Pennsylvania, Delaware, and Virginia.

But over the garden picture in late afternoon come the long rays of a brilliant spring sun; then

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the pattern stands out as almost too dazzling; then beyond the garden the blue-greens of bush honeysuckles against the black-green of pine and hemlock in the shadow show the beholder one of the glorious moments of this lovely month.

‘Oh gallant, flowering May!
Which month is painter of the world,
As some old clerks do say.’

Some years ago were given me a few roots of the old single white fragrant violet. By clearing out space for this darling of the spring we now have several little colonies in open ground below lilacs, and nothing is more valued or more welcome than this small, old-fashioned flower. It seems as though no florists' violet could compare with it in scent, so rarely sweet it is, and the groups of little flowers are like a tiny milky way upon the ground when their time is ripe for bloom. Hyacinths now are to the fore, also; of these I have not many, but Oranjeboven, running in and out of that pale crocus Scipio is very nice, pale coral and pale lavender; and while we are on crocuses, Scipio, again threading its way between the very pale lemon green leaves of *Hemerocallis Florham* is a charming sight. The delicate tones of crocus and lily foliage prove excellently related. Other hyacinths are

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Grand Maitre, in streams of rich and lusty violet bloom, with daffodils of various names, chiefly Katherine Spurrell, blooming thickly all about. There is here a very simple but very nice combination of flowers, one which the smallest of gardens might afford and which the garden's owner would be certain to enjoy.

It is some of the older, cheaper sorts of daffodils, however, that if I could I should buy by the thousand to set hyacinths streaming through them in color combinations to charm the most indifferent eye. It is Katherine Spurrell, Mme. de Graff, Ariadne, Flora Wilson — and with these the six hyacinths with which we have tried this spring a very successful experiment, a group of colors from deepest violet to "lavender-blue, touched corn-flower blue." The hyacinths are these: Count Andrassy, Enchantress, General van der Heyden, Grand Maitre, King of the Blues, Schotel. Fifty of each were set in long, loose groups among other loose groups of the daffodils, running down a slope beneath Japanese quince and cedar; this planting is only some sixty to seventy feet from the southeast corner of the house, and lies in and out of an almost invisible wire fence, and very near the sidewalk, for a dis-

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tance of about fifty feet. Many are the passers-by who have enjoyed this picture with us this year. We see them stopping to gaze. Motors go slowly by this spot, too, for this reach of flowers makes a bold and brilliant foreground for the gentle rise and fall of green lawns beyond, and in every light it is an expanse of fine color. The play of morning and late evening light is specially interesting on the rich violet flowers.

I came in from the garden on May 16 with my small copper watering-pot—capacity about two quarts—filled with choice labelled daffodils, every one new to me this year. Of these most have graced tables in English shows for some years past, and some American amateurs have had them in their gardens for almost as long; but these of mine were bought lately, and it is an excitement of some intensity to watch the varieties as they open. Tresserve is a glorious clear yellow trumpet of great size, a most conspicuous daffodil; Fiery Cross has the richest stain of orange rimming its yellow cup; Great Warley, Miss Willmott, among the *incomparabilis* tribe, are very fine; Sirdar is a magnificent flower. But the three outstanding ones to me are: Tresserve, Loveliness, and Salmonetta. Loveliness is a slender straw-

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colored trumpet of most beautiful form and color, perianth white, a flower one would notice anywhere, and Salmonetta is a little poet of great distinction. As I was carrying my pot of treasures down the garden walk in the evening light, my eye fell upon a line of a dozen glorious tulips, the single early "Illuminator." This tulip is of a flaming orange, a superb flower. At once, I thought, I must hold my pot of daffodils near Illuminator and see which becomes it the best. Salmonetta's wonderful orange cup won this distinction for itself. Use this daffodil with tulip Illuminator, a carpet of single rock cress below and a backing of *Spiræa Thunbergii* now coming into bloom, and a smiling spring picture is created, a picture which upon a day of cloud and shower will have caught and held a sunlight of its own.

No finer spring has ever dawned upon our small place than this of 1919; a cool, wet May until about the 26th, when, with sudden heat, waves and billows of bloom broke over the old bush honeysuckles and lilacs. There is nothing softer than the bloom of these Tartarian honeysuckles, the pink and the white, especially the latter, which, with the deep color of its fading flower, has a generally creamy appearance. The lilacs,

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clouds of purple, mauve, and white, have drooped under their weight of color and scent, except those like Ludwig Spaeth, which have the stiff habit of trees whose newer stems are woody. Tulips have also shown what they could do, but under a hot sun their day of glory has been but a day. I have liked some fine groups of yellow tulips, raising themselves above the lavender phloxes of spring, Mrs. Moon, Avis Kennicott, Flava, Miss Willmott, *Retroflexa superba*, all beauties among spring flowers. For a pink tulip there was a time when I thought Inglescombe pink the loveliest of all. I have now fixed this opinion upon the lovely cottage tulip, Mrs. Kerrell. Is there any one unappreciative of the beauty of rose-color as it appears in the soft clusters of buds and flowers of Bechtel's double-flowering crab? Let me say that this tulip, Mrs. Kerrell, blooming with me this spring below this crab-apple, is one of the sweetest of all May pictures. The relation of color is true; the relation of form is a delightful contrast. The tulip is one of great elegance of form and, partly because I have it in half-shade, of fine lasting qualities. Twelve bulbs are all I own. I could wish this number multiplied by tens and hundreds if I had place for them.

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Under a drooping apple bough I sit at twilight of the last day of May. Before me is a plant grouping of much variety and charm, and the air is filled with the fragrance of lilac and of lily-of-the-valley. The lilacs, now some twelve feet high, are in waves and billows of white, mauve, and purple bloom. Delicate whitish Persian lilacs are interspersed with those of French descent; the effect is a sumptuousness of bloom which cannot be surpassed. In what might be called a bay in these tall lilacs — a space some twelve feet wide and running back into the tall, blooming trees for, say, six feet — this arrangement occurs. Against the tall lilac-trees stands a young specimen of *Syringa pubescens* heavy with delicate lavender-white bloom. The bush is about five feet in height and stands on an almost solid carpet of forget-me-nots; before the lilacs are masses of bleeding-hearts in full flower, to the right Clara Butt tulips; in the foreground of all this a soft, round mass of ribbon-grass, with Clara Butt rising now again through this; to the left, and also in the foreground, tall forget-me-nots in a long blue drift; and beyond these, lilies-of-the-valley, blooming whitely to their tips against their stiff green leaves, "each one" — as a delightful English writer

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puts it—"each one tented in its little pavilion of green." The myosotis and the convallaria have naturalized themselves, run into each other, pink tulips and dicentra overhanging.

As I sit on the little platform, of a June afternoon, looking through the tracery of apple-leaves to the bright garden beyond, I am struck by the vast improvement made this year by the introduction of valerian in eight balanced spaces; especially bold and good is this because its silvery flowers rise beside spires equally tall of the purple *Campanula lactiflora*, also in full flower. *Geranium grandiflorum's* low rounds of brilliant violet flowers form a lovely foreground from where I look, for these two taller subjects. This year I have the hardy campanula all over my garden. It is only three feet tall at present, due to fall moving, and next year it will probably exceed height limits—but for the present it is giving a most lovely effect. The clear-cut flowers, the fine pointed, upright buds, the uniform bright color of the flowers—these attributes make this perennial campanula valuable. Through a series of mishaps I have this year no Canterbury bells, but they are hardly missed, thanks to this vivid substitute from their own tribe. As *Campanula lactiflora* grows old, as

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it becomes established in its appointed place, there is a tendency to monotony of height in flower-stem. Then we have a more or less uninteresting barrel-like effect of bloom. The remedy for this is division and moving.

It has suddenly burst upon my inner vision that the pale and bright pink climbing ramblers have no place together in my perennial garden, unless used, as they sometimes are most happily, tumbling over walls in great masses, near equally sumptuous masses of pale-blue delphiniums, with few or no other flowers to distract. The thing which brings me to the aforesaid unpleasant conclusion is the present appearance of one of the gates of our garden. It is a dull-green wooden gate, with an upper arch and a solid door. The frame of the gate is of trellis, and to-day this trellis is completely smothered by, to the left, *Excelsa*, and, to the right, *Lady Gay*. Masses of these little round roses are blooming as the gentle cow gave milk in the nursery rhyme "with all their might." Below this arch of roses lies the little formal garden, with many things in bloom—delphiniums dark and light, lilies, *Shasta* daisies, violet salvias and petunias, phloxes coming, and also *gypsophila*, and a few pale-pink dwarf ram-

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blers. The expanse of color on the gate-posts is out of place. It gives the look of the cover of a seed catalogue of about 1890. No, this is no place for my ramblers, fine though they are in themselves. I walk to the upper garden from this lower, turn to the left, where at each end of a short walk of brick hedged with clipped *Spiræa Vanhouttei* there are two of the same well-designed arches such as I have mentioned. These two are wreathed in pink ramblers, Lady Gay and Paradise; beyond this walk is not only smooth turf, but a fine growth of dwarf mountain pine, and it is here that the little rose comes into its own. It is seen only near and against green; or, as one looks at it from another angle, perhaps against the blue sky itself, where ramblers, like fruit-blossoms, are always seen at their loveliest. But the teaching here is that the rambler rose calls for a background of green, and of smooth, dark green, if possible clipped arbor-vitæ, clipped spruce, or other rich-hued non-deciduous tree or hedge. In England it is, of course, the yew that encircles the loveliest rose-gardens. It is against that wall of green that the ropes and festoons of gay pink roses swing and smile.

‘It is delightful,’ says Lady Eden, in “A Gar-

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den in Venice," 'to pick one's strawberries and cut one's tea-roses from the same bed.' This delight is not reserved for Italy, but is our own experience in Michigan. Eighteen fine bushes of rose Los Angeles skirt our four rows of that luscious strawberry, John H. Cook, than which, incidentally, a finer berry never grew to the proportions of a youthful tomato, or reddened to the color of one. The combination of the gathering and plucking of flowers and fruit from the same spot is irresistible.

To look on lilies in the garden's green spaces, and as one looks to hear the sound of falling water, is an ecstasy in midsummer which is new, for these are not ordinary lilies — these are not the lovely candidum, or the gracefully hanging Nankeen lily, though both are in bloom now in my garden, in scattered groups. No, this is that glory of a lily whose noble adjective is regale, and I have it this year in profusion. I do not envy even the charming writer of "A Garden in Venice," as she describes her madonna lilies, often with eight to twenty flowers on one stalk and the stalk five feet high. Those virgin lilies have their own pure, pale beauty, and that beauty none will deny. The Nankeen lily has a quaint charm of form, habit, and color, too; so has *L. Henryi*, a

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vivid and graceful flower; so has *L. elegans*, that fiery upstanding bloom; but *regale* surpasses them all — that glowing trumpet, that slender rosy bud, those rich white pointed petals, and, to crown all, that incomparable fragrance, not heavy like *L. auratum's*, but as fresh and delicate as that of heliotrope. So soon as the sun drops in the west, before even twilight has come on, this matchless perfume rises on the evening air, in the "dewy light," and all the garden seems of an unearthly sweetness. I like this lily, planted above low subjects at the opposite ends of narrow beds; while in bloom, the lilies serve as accents, their slightly bending stems and handsome flowers clear-cut then against greensward. The play of light and shade upon such flowers is one of the most lovely minor sights to be seen in July. Occasionally four flowers open on the top of one stem — more often two or three. I am so lucky as to have about one hundred *L. regale* in bloom this year, and never have I seen these squares of green turf so admirably flanked by perfect flowers as at this moment.

The elegance and charm of Ghiselaine de Féligonde, a new Rambler rose, are beyond putting into words. The flame-colored bud opens well in

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water and the variety of tones of color is remarkable in a cluster of six roses, a few half-open buds, and two or three small ones still tight but showing color. Three of the open flowers are pale sulphur-yellow, with outer petals spread well back. The newly opened roses have that enchanting pale copper hue which sets this rose apart, and the half-opened buds show the deep-colored centre where petals are still folded, the outer ones of the light copper again. The foliage is of a medium light green, leaves more slender perhaps than on the average rambler, flowers averaging eight and ten to the cluster.

Against low-clipped privet, delphiniums, taller than ever before, raise their blue spires. In places Annchen Mueller or Ellen Poulson dwarf ramblers send forth sprays of glowing pink blooms, these melting into the pale rose-colored masses of Canterbury bells beside them, the two most excellent beside each other. As for heucheras (the only color blot on my garden this season, but so lovely, flaming delicately about the darkest red sweet-williams that I simply have to leave them in the garden-beds), they have flowered in a manner truly impressive. I must conclude that they too love space and air. There has seemed to be no

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check at all from replanting; in fact, everything we moved has prospered under the process. Even the one precious plant of *Delphinium Moerheimi*, which we divided in four with some hesitation, is sending up three white-flowered stems. *Phlox Arendsii*, in its varying soft colors of pinkish lavender and of white, is now, July 1, in full bloom, and back of its rounded groups the buds of the Madonna lily, held high on their tall stems, are whitening. Shasta daisies are opening below, budding sea holly, and some of those luscious violet petunias known as Karlsruhe Balcony are blooming in secluded spots, as if to prove their August and September worth. Delphinium blight, which seemed to hover seriously over this garden last year, has been gotten well in hand now, thanks to the lime-and-tobacco treatment recommended by Miss McGregor, of Springfield, Ohio.

It is seldom that I find myself with two opinions about a flower, but two I hold concerning the dwarf crimson-rambler rose. That harsh crimson, almost as difficult to place as the over-bright hue of *Azalea amæna* in spring, and so painful to contemplate as its clusters take on the purplish hue which foretells their end — the same crimson, when set near the violet *Salvia virgata nemorosa*, becomes a

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crowning beauty on the garden's brow. No finer perennial plant for late June in our latitude can there be than this purple salvia. Entirely hardy, its inflorescence a multitude of upright spikes of small violet flowers, it has the effect of violet velvet in certain lights. Observing it on sunless days, when its color seems even richer than in brilliant light, I am reminded of the mention of the use of blue flowers in shade in Hubbard and Kimball's "An Introduction to the Study of Landscape Design."

In flowering shrubs and particularly in flowering herbaceous plants the landscape-designer has his greatest opportunity in the use of color. In these materials he finds as wide a color range as the painter has; indeed, in some ways a wider range, for he may use, on the one hand, a pure white lily or a crimson cardinal flower or a flame azalea in sunshine, and on the other the deep-blue larkspur or monkshood in heavy shade.

Its glory, nowever, reaches a great height when the dwarf crimson rambler neighbors it. These plants, like happy lovers, seem made for each other. The rose and the salvia coincide in time of bloom. There is an agreeable contrast in the forms of leaf and flower masses, and no sumptuous velvet cloak of a Venetian doge could show a

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prouder splendor of color than is brought forth by this coupling of flower groups above green turf.

Salvia sclarea is now beginning to unroll from a fat-scaled bud its spirals of mauve bloom; and this plant, whose seed came by way of a kind English hand from the Vatican gardens, is one of the finest of acquisitions. Its place is among *L. candidum*, or below pale-blue delphinium, although I have fancied that *Salvia virgata nemorosa*'s violet flowers would make a happy combination near its mauve relation; but in that case the crimson rambler should be not only out of sight but really out of mind.

I have lately visited a charming garden overhanging the upper waters of the Hudson River. In early July this was a picture of beauty, and it gave me, besides the delight of its situation and effect, an acquaintance with several new varieties of flowers. The garden consists of two wide flower borders set in the side of a precipitous hill; the borders and a long walk of tan-bark separating them lie upon a broad terrace. The terrace is backed by a high retaining wall of gray stone, and approached from either end by a descent of stone steps cleverly arranged for variety of level. The

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whole garden is reminiscent of that renowned Scottish one, Barncluith, in Lanarkshire.

To the color in this garden when I saw it this last July no pen can do justice, only a brush and a gifted one at that: great clouds of blues in delphinium trailed by the rounding bloom of that beautiful pale-yellow *Thalictrum glaucum*. The mauve and pink yarrow formed lovely foregrounds for these blues — here and there groups of lilies — *candidum*, *regale* — and the white gypsophila nestling in the angle of the staircase, and well at one end a most lovely array of bergamot of a particularly vivid carmine hue, unknown to me before. All these flowers are set in green. The wall at the back is hung with green leaves; the balustrades by the stone steps are garlanded with green. The flowers grow in rich profusion, but the practised eye recognizes in the greenery between this brightness either the record of flowers past, or the promise of flowers to come. Borders such as these lying so boldly should be enough in themselves to give keen pleasure. Add to that beauty the fact that looking along this garden from either end and raising the eye to the middle distance, one sees apart the beautiful lines and color of a perfect Italian villa set among great

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trees, fronted by greensward properly proportioned, cooled, and made musical by pools and their fountains, why, I ask, should one desire more?

An instance of another garden: there is, for example, the new rose-garden of my neighbor. I helped her plan it, helped her in the buying of the plants. Now that it is July she brings me roses, roses, heaped-up baskets of them. She walks in at evening, through the French doors of the dining-room, where we sit at table in the late sunlight, yellow pansies and blue anchusa before us in low bowls among the silver of the table, and not only shows us her midsummer treasures but leaves them with us: Lady Ashtown's curling petals, Druschki's matchless milk-white, the red velvet of Château de Clos Vougeot, the magic beauty of Los Angeles — what a harvest we are reaping from what is another's! I visit the garden; low stone walls, a background in one place of noble trees, perfect turf, and such an array of jewels in roses as is not often to be seen.

When the small and simple garden is successful, one in which the owner has had to consider the exchequer, there is always about it the added matter to admire of ingenuity in spending. The

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right use of money bears witness to the right quality of mind; and in a garden cherished by its possessor reflections of the mind of that possessor are quickly seen. To apply the idea to the large and notable garden, it is the judicious spending of money here which will or will not be apparent. The memory of every lover of gardening will serve him truly as he recalls on occasion the great, bleak, barren gardens of his visits, gardens on which fortunes have been spent and from which he could only turn sadly away; and with equal certainty will he call to mind some tiny square of delicately managed flowers which are true expressions of the very texture of its owner's thoughts and hopes.

A time will come when all America, in Matthew Arnold's lovely phrase, shall be "spreading her gardens to the moonlight," and, as that time approaches, the quiet beauty of simple, good design, of delicate and harmonious color, and, where possible, of good surroundings, must impress itself more and more upon our people. Those who know must practise this, that those who need to know may have a right example. In no art, in no pursuit, is a following more sure than in the art and in the pursuit of gardening.

II

LILACS AND OTHER SPRING FLOWERS

Then it was so cold I had no inclination to stay. Of my Spring delights, lilacs, apple-trees in bloom and nightingales, the two last are over and the first going; . . . for roses there was not even a white one on the 10th of June though they used to blow as religiously as the Glastonbury thorn.

—HORACE WALPOLE to the COUNTESS OF UPPER OSSORY,
Strawberry Hill, June 18th, 1782.

II

LILACS AND OTHER SPRING FLOWERS

OFTEN I wonder whether names of places and of things speak to others as they do to me. Meaningless or poor names seem almost an affront, while beautiful or significant names start trains of thought leading in singularly pleasant directions. The names of Pullman cars are a curious study. Who named them? Why are so many of these names foolish, almost to the point of imbecility? — almost as if letters had been shaken together in a box and drawn at random to constitute a word.

But there are exceptions, and one is the name of a car in which I lately travelled in Indiana, with “Middlebush” on its doors. “‘Middlebush,’” said I on seeing it. “Here is something to think of” — landscape planting flashed into the mind on sight; the bush which may connect the taller and the lower shrubs in some planting small or large; the bush which might bloom in mid-season.

The Middlebush of our Michigan spring is un-

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doubtedly the lilac or syringa. Early shrubs have lost their blossoms; the shadbush, the wild plum, *Spiræa arguta*, Forsythias are long since green again after their white and gold of earliest spring; and yet the great tribe of the mock oranges, the *Philadelphus*, is still to hang its whitening wreaths, still to breathe out upon the airs of evening that unmatched fragrance. *Hydrangea arborescens* will follow these; then mid-June, and the procession of most of the familiar flowering shrubs is over.

Let us, translating Middlebush into lilac, consider one of the most fascinating of all subjects, the lilac in some of its species and varieties. I bring to this a mind over-enthusiastic perhaps, for in a modest way I am collecting. The first blooming of my young trees occurred last spring. The trees themselves were set out two years ago this last autumn, and last spring all but four or five of sixty varieties showed some flowers, while many of the little three-foot things were in themselves bouquets of loveliest color.

There is for me only one way in which adequately to set down my impressions of a particular flower or plant; that is, with that flower or plant before me. In May I rarely walk about even our small place without the pencil and the

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memorandum block; and the notes which follow were made in the very presence of the lovely things themselves. If these comments seem extravagant, the excuse is the overwhelming beauty of the flowers, and that excitement which the gardener always feels when confronted for the first time with something as fine as it is new to him. Let me name some few of these lilacs, and add a word or two concerning each. For better descriptions I would send you to what Professor Sargent, Mr. Wilson, Mr. Havemeyer, Mr. Dunbar, and Mr. Barry have written upon these flowers. I have not compared my notes with theirs, nor did I consult theirs before making these, as I wished to be quite unprejudiced in my comments.

The earliest of all to bloom was *Syringa Giraldui*; delicate pinkish, a very open cluster, graceful, and free flowering. Maréchal Lannes carried immense bluish-mauve flowerets, the thyrsus not very large but most effective for the size and color of its flowerets; exceedingly handsome. Mme. Antoine Buchner is a very distinct flower; buds of a faded pink, flowers of pinkish-white, slightly double. The flower clusters here were rather open and branching; this is a lilac of great slenderness and elegance.

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Pasteur has superb blooms of rich reddish purple. Its thyrses are tall and open, with large single flowerets. *Cœrulea superba* has small but full clusters, rather bluish in tone. This variety is particularly free-flowering with loose branches, a great beauty. The bloom of Danton is of a very fine, clear, deep red-purple, with a large floweret. Président Fallières is one of the loveliest, a charming semi-double pinkish bloom. Loose clusters of flowers came in tremendous numbers upon this three-foot specimen the first year after planting. Claude Bernard, with its palest lavender-pink flowers, is also very free-blooming. Président Poincaré has enchanting bluish flowers, double, with reddish-purple buds, buds and flowers an interesting contrast in color. Vestale is marked by many spikes of single white bloom on terminal branchlets. There is a special charm for me in René Jarry-Desloges, whose palest bluish-lavender flower, double, has a delicacy all its own. Thunberg is lovely because of its deep-red buds all the way up the thyrsus of pink-lavender bloom. This gives a remarkable richness to the clustering flowers, which appear in four steeples, as one might say, to each cluster.

Syringa Diderot, though moved in autumn, has

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borne a cluster of flowers at every terminal point; in its first time of blooming, however, the flowers were not remarkable, reminding one only of the common lilac. Lamartine had a faint blooming — so did Miss Ellen Willmott — enough to show that here is a treasure in white lilacs. Small double flowerets appeared on this lilac last year, greenish or creamy, and very round buds. Mira-beau also gave one breath in flowers and expired; but I was too late in examining this to describe it.

Syringa Milton's flowers are of a dull, rich lavender; a small floweret, but very fine in color. Maréchal Lannes is a very full double, and of a good bluish-lavender. The fine loose and twisting petals of each floweret give a beautiful effect to the cluster of bloom, an effect of softness not always present in lilacs. Pasteur's distinguished habit of bloom sets it apart. The tall, upright thyrses of mauve flowers are set in sprays of large dark-green leaves. The play of light and shade upon the mauve and green is one of those special spring delights upon which the possessor of this lilac may almost surely count.

Cavour has the most unbelievable number of seven pinnacles of flowers to each thyrsus — large flowerets at that — in each cluster. And for the

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brilliance of this lilac in sun I have no adequate words. As for the species lilacs, *S. pubescens*, which when grown is like a tree of pale heliotrope, with a delicate fragrance unlike that of any lilac ever known; *S. villosa*, with its loose pale-pink flowers (never shall I forget my first sight of this, cut with the pale-pearly *Iris florentina* or iris Storm King); and *S. macrostachya*, one of the most enchanting of all, very pinkish — one has to see these in order to realize their beauty. Here I mention only three, but there are many others; and the collecting and comparing of such subjects is well worth the endeavor of many years of a gardener's life. It happens that my lilacs are placed only four feet apart in the rows where they stand; and I am now in that painful condition of mind of wishing I could in some way keep them back; for such rounds of bloom, such fascinating little flower-covered shrubs, there can hardly be in any other genus.

I remember a suggestive sentence of Professor Sargent's: "The person who first arranges a fine border of the newer shrubs with regard to color and succession of bloom, will have done a great thing for horticulture in America." How simple this would be in lilacs, if one only lived near the great Arboretum, or that amazingly fine collection

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at Highland Park in Rochester, and could watch their leafy, flowery progress through the months, make notes, have a trial ground of one's own sufficiently large, and — most important of all — start the work when young.

So strong is habit, especially habit of mind, that, seeing these lilacs of our own, many in bloom at once, set out without regard to anything but the few feet of space allotted to each, it was impossible not to think of them as sometime or somewhere properly planted; planted with a view to contrast of color, to contrast of form, to harmony in hues, and especially to see them blooming above other spring flowers, whose beauty should only accentuate their own.

The pinkish group in these lilacs, for those who prefer this color, is Président Fallières, Montaigne, Frau Antoine Buchner (Buchner in Ridgway is "pale rose purple"); a group of deepest mauve flowers, Danton, Président Poincaré, Maréchal Lannes, Marceau, and Milton. The contrast in size of floret between those of *Cærulea* and *Émile Gentil* is astonishing. For strong contrast in color I suggest using these pairs together: Thunberg, Maréchal Lannes; Jarry-Désloges, Danton; Marceau, *macrostachya*; Diderot, Jarry-

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Désloges; Fallières, Gentil; Montaigne, Danton; Cœrulea, Gilbert, and macrostachya. The bluest of my little collection are *Cœrulea superba*, Gilbert, Émile Gentil, and R. Jarry-Désloges.

Most of these lilacs are still costly, anywhere from \$2.50 to \$5.00 each. These suggestions are made that those who covet this beauty for themselves can get more interest out of the buying of even two or three specimens. It is easy in choosing blindly to secure monotony, and that, of all things, is the pity in securing living subjects. The loss of charm, of education of the selective faculty in gardening, is one of the greatest of pities.

Turning now to an even more fascinating side of the lilac, its use with other flowers, there is a field which few people have explored. One becomes desperate here for new adjectives. The old ones cannot express the feeling of freshness of interest in the combining of new flowers with old. It is an experience apart. For instance, below a group of the bluer lilacs, Émile Gentil and *Cœrulea superba*, two tulips stand out beyond others as the ones for the place — Bleu Céleste and Ewbank. These I have held below the lilacs in bloom and know whereof I speak. Late myosotis — Perfec-



LILACS, MYOSOTIS, AND TULIP "INNOVATION"

20

LILACS AND SPRING FLOWERS

tion or Royal Blue — with *Mertensia virginica* is perfection grown below *Syringa pubescens*. On ground beneath the lovely clusters of Diderot, tulip Bleu Céleste, and again the forget-me-not. Président Fallières, that heavenly lilac, should have as neighbor tulip Fairy Queen; and for a picture unsurpassed let the gardener place below Jarry-Désloges that early *Iris germanica*, Storm King, or Florentina perhaps, with loose groups of *Tulipa retroflexa*, if possible the large form of this tulip offered by one or two dealers — a very tall sort of palest yellow. Again, below *Syringa pubescens*, iris Mrs. Alan Gray and a floor of forget-me-nots, is an arrangement the mere contemplation of which should cause any winter to pass quickly. Cavour seems to call for pale-lavender Darwin tulips near. These are very fine contemporaries. Try the small flower experiments, I beg of you; and bear in mind that splendid sentence of Miss Jekyll's lately written, "There is no finality in gardening."

When we think of and plan and eventually see some of these spring pictures, which really can be better done in America than elsewhere, then the photographs of Miss Jekyll's Nut Walk, with daffodils and primroses, will not discourage but

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encourage us; the pictures of her spring garden will serve only to show that beauty is not the possession of England alone. For authorities tell us that America is par excellence the climate for the lilac. An experienced Dutchman once said that Europe could show no such spring spectacle as is to be seen in Mr. Havemeyer's Long Island gardens of lilacs in May; and, so far as is known, there are but two enemies of the lilac in this country—wet and the borer. Old trees have been seen to droop and fail and even die in the Middle West in an over-wet spring; but this type of season is the exception with us. Many a time in winter, if the cold seems long, the snows too persistent, I walk through my lilac rows, and the sight of those stout green buds, hearty and cheerful in the zero weather, is the best promise possible of winter's end and a spring to come.

III

TULIP TIME IN THE GARDEN

Grass and leaves we have in such abundance, that our landscapes are even uncommonly luxuriant. Nebuchadnezzar, who used to eat his dominions, would here be the most opulent prince upon earth.

—HORACE WALPOLE to SIR HORACE MANN, Strawberry Hill, Sept. 25, 1782.

III

TULIP TIME IN THE GARDEN

AS time goes on the lover and observer of gardening in its many forms cannot but notice the great appreciation of interest in spring-flowering bulbs. Among these nothing has sprung more quickly into favor under the public eye than the late tulip. One may consider it as firmly settled in American gardening affections for many years to come. And when ultimately the grower of these beautiful subjects shall have tried all the varieties in our own dealers' lists, all that he may have found in foreign ones — if he then sighs for more tulip worlds to conquer, think of the further joys that shall be his as he realizes that from that point on he is a collector! He finds himself in the happy valley of a general knowledge of the tulip kingdom. He has now and only now qualified as one who may climb the pleasant slopes which lead to the knowledge of hybridizing, to that of the rarer varieties of tulip such as the Old English or Florists'. Membership in one or two of the small societies of enthusiasts in special

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tulips should now be open to him, and one of the lower summits of tulip satisfaction is attained.

Among the many attributes which endear this bulb to the gardener is its adaptability for use in small plots or gardens. Brilliant effects can be had in spaces almost absurdly small, if spring flowers are used. How these minute squares of color catch and delight the eye in spring! And this is not only because gay color is welcome then.

There is in Pennsylvania not far from its great eastern city, in a countryside of gentle beauty so like the Sussex Downs that one often fancies himself in England, one of these charming smaller gardens on a hillside. A constant and changing beauty in flowers marks it, but in May, with all the freshness of the spring about, it is a flashing jewel with its tulips and abundance of other effective low-growing spring flowers.

On a day in mid-May we descend from a brick-paved terrace shadowed by a great pine, to a gentle slope of turf toward this little garden, enclosed by a four-foot hedge of clipped privet. On the right, still below the sloping ground, an old stone spring-house is seen, hung with clouds of lavender wistaria. White lilacs in full beauty flank the garden-gate — a picket gate set in a

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white archway which supports a mass of rambler rose foliage at its freshest and best.

Through the green-and-white entrance we pass into a dazzling garden on two levels, turf-walked, privet-hedged, cedar-accented, framing a most delicate and unstudied effect of spring color in flowers. The gateway is half-way up the slope of the lower or perennial garden, and as we turn to the right we see, below the retaining wall which serves as a boundary for the lower end, benches and table for the *al fresco* tea set beneath the shade of the great maple-tree.

Here are eight beds of tulips beautifully planted by those whose color-sense is sure, a vision of loveliness about the 10th of each May. Tones of clear lavender, rich violet, and paler and darker rose form the scheme. The effects thus created by the use of Darwin, Cottage, and Breeder tulips and larger or smaller groupings of *Phlox divaricata* are those to cause an artist to rejoice, so perfect are they.

Below budding peonies, and as a foreground for iris leaves, is a drift of the delicious phlox we now begin to know so well, its lavender charmingly enhanced by loose groups of the tulip Bleu Céleste, of a medium violet hue, beyond it. To the left

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the soft, cool pink of tulip Flamingo shows itself in perhaps not more than five tall flowers — a suggestion to use a small number of these glorious blooms and thus rid some of us of the mistaken feeling that in numbers of tulips there is strength.

Farther on in the sunlit garden stands Flamingo again, with Dream in its pale-lavender dress beyond; then green spaces of young leaves of delphiniums, with tulip Lantern's silvery lilac next and tulip Clara Butt beyond. The mounds of young greens in varying tones among all these tulips of light, clear colors furnish a wonderful setting for the glories of the flowers themselves. Whether from a distance or close at hand the composition is perfect.

The play of light and shade on such a garden is in itself memorable. *Phlox divaricata* in a background of shadow with tulip Bleu Céleste in sun in the foreground form a rich spring picture. Also the semi-careless arrangement of flowers with regard to variety in height and color strikes one at every turn as being remarkably successful. An order of placing uncommonly good is this — tulips Bleu Céleste, Flamingo, Dream, Lantern (*syn. Nizza*), Clara Butt, with *Phlox divaricata* interwoven, and touches of the little gray-leaved



TULIPS IN A PENNSYLVANIA GARDEN



FOUNTAIN IN A PENNSYLVANIA GARDEN



TULIP TIME IN THE GARDEN

flax (*Linum perenne*) accidental in effect. Foliage of perennial phlox and the incised leaves of delphiniums form the green background for these delightful flowers.

A touch of running water adds much to a garden picture. It is here in a very simple wall fountain where the stream falls into a shallow basin made by half of an ancient millstone, flanked by a planting of *Iris Kaempferi*. This fountain is really below and outside of the garden and near the seats under the maple, but fountain, jar, pool, and sun-dial — this last is placed in the rose garden — all are upon the same axis.

Nora Ware, a very small lavender tulip, is used in the beds here; Dream stands back of it, flanked by the foliage of peony and lupine, with tulip Le Rêve, beloved by all who know it, in the foreground. Back of this group again, more green, more green, and tulip Bleu Aimable beyond. The color of Bleu Aimable is the same as that of Bleu Céleste, but the former is a single tulip of the Darwin type. Clara Butt stands beyond this grouping, at a distance sufficient to keep its cooler rose-pink from conflict with the strange and lovely color of Le Rêve.

All through this garden, too, in certain springs

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at the time of tulip bloom, little colonies of *Narcissus poeticus* are in flower. These, the only white in the garden since the general scheme is lavender and pale to bright rose, give that delicate effect which is found when stevia, gypsophila, and other fine-flowering whites are added to bowls or bouquets of subjects which are decidedly strong in form and color.

On leaving the garden by its gateway toward the house, it is a marvel to lift one's eyes from all this beauty within formal limits and above a bar of dark hedge to see long garlands of wistaria in full bloom along the old stone wall of the spring-house, the quaint little building without which no Pennsylvania or Maryland farm-woman in the old days was expected to perform the duties of a housewife. The spring-house now serves as a studio.

Too much can never be said of the charm of the Pennsylvania farmhouse — the old farmhouse, generally of blue limestone most beautifully laid. The proportions of some of these, their delicacy of color, and their comfortable, convenient placing and rare environments of fine tree groupings make the old rural architecture of that State a thing to covet and enjoy. Those

TULIP TIME IN THE GARDEN

old builders understood not only what to build but how and where to set their houses for shelter and for practical purposes; wherefore, a picture of high beauty was, sometimes unconsciously, created. When considering foregrounds such as this charming little formal garden affords, the backgrounds furnished by near-by buildings, or by a landscape soft and finished, can hardly be passed by without a word, so bound up together are all the elements of such a picture. And I am always wondering why Pennsylvania is not the resort of more people who love beauty which belongs to nature and to man.

If I may let this spring garden serve as a text for further tulip preachings, I would tell of an effect on our own grounds in Michigan. From the house in which we live a walk of dark brick, like the house, runs east some sixty feet to the street. To dwell upon the borders flanking the sides of an insignificant walk such as this may sound a bit presumptuous; but let me quickly say that last year these borders were positively kaleidoscopic in effect. And to encourage those who think they can do little in gardening because of restricted space, I will give approximate measurements as well as some account of the plantings.

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This walk is some five feet in width and runs from east to west. Some years ago word came to me concerning the interesting manner in which grapes were grown in low festoons along the walks of certain Lenox kitchen-gardens; wherefore, lacking other place for grapes, and thinking that the little decoration of such vines might not be out of place here, I set to the south of this walk and only ten inches from it a number of two-foot iron posts nine feet apart, painted dark green and connected by drooping chains. Every other length between posts now has its grape: Caco — the fine new cross between Catawba and Concord — for a reddish sort, and Niagara for the greenish color. Grape leaves are allowed to grow only scantily on these low vines, as too many leaves would obscure the effect of line and form.

To the north of this walk, throughout its length, grows a line of Thunberg's barberry, and sometime I intend to replace these by Wilson's, or some one of the new cotoneasters. These take a space, brick-edged on the sides and ends, away from the walk, of about six by sixty feet, whereas the space of open ground under the grapes across the walk is only two feet wide, with grass at its southernmost boundary. Below both grapes and

TULIP TIME IN THE GARDEN

barberries the ground is entirely covered, or destined to be, with *Vinca minor*, the common green myrtle, a delight in both summer and winter.

Through this covering of rich green arose last April a host of lovely crocuses, planted in the following order: Pallas, Tilly Koenen, Julia Culp, Mikado, Pallas again, Ovidius, and one touch of the so-called Largest Golden Yellow, making an effect of lovely lavender violet and white with the yellow to give a strong and sudden contrast. Across from it, and just as crocus colors were fading and their delightful leaves making their presence felt, as if unexpectedly, sprang into flower long, loose groups of narcissus Sir Watkin, tulip White Hawk, tulip Fred Moore, and the beautiful double early tulip Safrano, leading up to some fair-sized groups of mahonia below the walls of the house. Before and among these shining-leaved shrubs rose quantities of the daffodil I now prefer to all others, *Narcissus Leedsii*, White Lady. Its beauty is nothing short of regal; and to use a common phrase of our English confrères, it is a "good doer."

Following the crocus bloom here came a gay, loose-flung line of blowing flowers, in colors rang-

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ing from tawny orange through deep and pale yellow to ivory white — flowers double, flowers single, flowers tall, slender, graceful, flowers round and heavy-headed. Little art is required to gain such effects. The most careless planting of these particular varieties of bulbs must result beautifully. A little thought for the progression of color, a little watchfulness as to overcrowding or setting too far apart — that is all.

But I am in danger of being led astray by the beauty of individual flowers, and must return to the border planting of the walk long enough to, say that when the flowers last named have finished blooming, when their leaves in turn carpet the ground in patterns of blue-greens and yellow-greens, then we begin to see for the first time the spires of buds on the rounded and symmetrical Canterbury bells on either side of the walk. These are three feet apart, and as their buds develop we see that they are white upon the south side of the walk and light purple on the north; and a third even row to the north of the barberries is all of that good pink tone which is to me the very best in these flowers. From crocuses to Canterbury bells is a long way in spring and early summer. Yet one must remember that if there happened

TULIP TIME IN THE GARDEN

to be a green moment between flowering periods it was in itself a thing to revel in, and so engrossing that the opening of the next arrangement of flowers took place with an unexpected promptness which gave that surprise which is perhaps the dearest gift his ground can give the gardener.

Does any word other than "welcome" better describe one's feelings as to the spring? The flowers of this enchanting time keep the expression almost hourly in mind; and is it an undue use of the imagination to fancy that the reason for the special charm of spring flowers about the house-door is that they speak that precious word "welcome" to those about to enter? How marvellous that by the heavenly means of color and fragrance we may send forth the very spirit of our houses even beyond their gates.

IV

**AN ENGLISH GARDEN IN
SPRING**

I have been in town but one single night this age, as I could not bear to throw away this phoenix June. It has rained a good deal this morning, but only made it more delightful. The flowers are all Arabian.

—HORACE WALPOLE to the COUNTESS OF AILESBUURY,
Strawberry Hill, June 25, 1778.

IV

AN ENGLISH GARDEN IN SPRING

FOR those who cannot or who will not travel, and whose gardening interests still leap across seas to other lands, substitutes in the way of photographs prove the alternative, supplemented, of course, by written description. And, since substitutes some of us must and will have, pictures of the type with which this writing deals are as near perfection as such things may be.

Here, to the eye accustomed to finding color, light, and shade in pictures, are these qualities in high degree. Here are shown forth a particularly interesting ancient dwelling in Wales and its gardens in the spring, Mathern Palace, for thirteen hundred years an episcopal residence.

In 1894 the property came into the hands of Mr. W. Avray Tipping, the distinguished English writer on architecture. Under his able direction the conversion of the old house to meet the needs of modern living was done without losing one whiff of the savor of an antique time. That Mr.

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Tipping is one of the best of amateur gardeners, too, one cannot doubt who sees these pictures and who has read of his later horticultural achievements at a newer place, Mounton House.

In his own words he thus tells briefly the story of the gardens of Mathern Palace:

“If the house is essentially old, the gardens are absolutely new. The sordid untidiness of a hopelessly ill-contrived and unrepaired farmstead prevailed in 1894. There was a potato patch or two amid the rubbish-heaps, and some evidence still remained of a farmer’s wife who had liked her few flowers but had not been able to cope with the difficulties of the situation. Here, again, care was taken not to lessen the value of the picturesque but plain old building by detailed architectural effect. Terraces were laid out on the southern slope, but they were walled simply and with the local limestone. A good deal of pavement was used, and broad grass-ways, edged with borders and backed by yew hedges, were contrived. The steeper slope to the west was made into a rock garden leading down to old fish-ponds, where a good deal of water gardening was introduced. All this was taken out of a field and orchard, the trees of which were retained, and a matured effect



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MATHER'S PALACE; THE OLD QUADRANGLE

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was almost at once produced. The climate and the soil are good, and the whole of the gardens, as the illustrations will show, are rich in floral effect. The simple, old-fashioned aspect of the English country home of the past, that had its farmery attached, and that drew no hard-and-fast division between its flower and vegetable gardens, has been sought for and obtained.

“The title of the house has descended from the days of the episcopal lords marchers, and it implies a certain grandeur in no way reflected by the place as it is to-day. It aims at being a quiet home where the simple life may be led.”

We have not, it is true, the rich backgrounds in buildings for such garden pictures as these, but ours is a climate unsurpassed for spring gardening — subjects in untold variety, not only our fine native flora, but plants, shrubs, and trees from the round world itself, and we may, we do have spring pictures unsurpassed. Such delicious disposings of tulips and myosotis as are here shown should not discourage but stir us to fresh hope and effort in gardening. Still, how could such flowers as these of Mathern Palace appear anywhere to such advantage as when they shine against close-shaven foliage, as in the grass alley,

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or when each colored cup of tulip and sky-blue cluster of myosotis are thrown into relief against the smooth turf, as seen in the old quadrangle?

Who can gaze at the illustration of the grass alley without longing to look on the bright scene itself? — the quiet setting of tree masses, the two gables of the old house on the right, deep in foliage; and, gaily fronting the delicate spring background of blossoming tree and lilac, a dazzling effect of lines of flowers against rich green. Filled with color is this picture; and the coquetry of the topiary work seems to be part of the laughing beauty of the whole. Myosotis carpets the borders on either side of the walk; late tulips trail a garland of rich hues above the blue, and the brilliant color has the perfect foil in the dark clipped yew which backs it all.

The grass walk seems to divide two gardens — perhaps a rose garden on the right, to the left a garden of tulips is hinted at. The alley is an example of what such a walk should be, in width, in height of massive subject for the border — a lesson in beauty of proportion. Happy he whose work, whose lovely creation, is an effect in flowers such as this. Happy they who have strolled in May along this goodly walk, and fortunate we who,



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MATHERN PALACE; TULIPS AND MYOSOTIS



From a photograph, copyright Country Life, London

MATHERN PALACE; THE GRASS ALLEY

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AN ENGLISH GARDEN IN SPRING

with this picture before us on the page, may learn from it once again that simplicity and breadth of plan are the successful principles of formal gardening.

In the photograph of the old quadrangle the value of shadow is first of all apparent — the gay brilliance of sunlit flowers against sunlit walls, all rich because of shade. Here too is a paved walk, well placed, not cutting the green into two parts, as so often is the American case; but allowing all possible sweep to the reach of grass, ivy just enough to compose well, a few climbing roses against the ancient house garlanding the beautiful old windows — and one has suggestions which for simplicity and beauty cannot be surpassed.

The tulip-bed, too, gives endless hints as to picturesque roof-line and mass, the happy use of trees, an unobtrusive tea-house fitted to perfection into its corner of the paved garden, for protection against English rain and mist; and, again, the fascinating foreground of color in flowers.

Gardens such as these speak to one's spirit. The harmony, the fitness of it — "All's fair that's fit" — the originality of a plan which though new seems old — all fills the mind and eye with satisfaction and high pleasure. For myself, it is with

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gardens (and on first sight) as with people. They are simpatica or not. Let me give two impressions of American gardens, which in my case happened either to commend or not to commend themselves to this individual eye, an eye not sufficiently intelligent to be over-critical.

The two gardens in mind now are the antipodes of each other — one a formal garden with much costly stone and marble — flowers grown to perfection, all kept in order — but a garden which leaves one cold. There is no heart in it, no individuality. It is a mockery in gardening — its borders have in it only the pride of the eye. "See, this is mine. I too have a garden; is it not better than yours or my neighbor's? It is more costly." When gardening takes this form beauty is gone.

The garden set over against this in my mind is on a steep and wooded hillside, upon one of the loveliest of American lakes; indeed, one of the loveliest lakes in any land. In the centre of this garden is a glorious pine-tree, tall, spreading, symmetrical. This has been taken as the pivotal feature, and a charming grouping of flower-spaces, with little box-edged walks, arranged to radiate from it. Also, there is a long arbor at the higher

AN ENGLISH GARDEN IN SPRING

end of the garden, flagged with stone, and at one end a sitting-place, from which a vision of blue water and purple mountain is a surprise and a delight. When I had the happiness of seeing this simple but beautiful and personal garden, frost had browned it. There remained only smouldering embers of flowers, embers which but a week before had been tongues of flame. No matter. Here was a garden speaking to the heart as well as to the eye. Charm was in its every line and fragment of composition. Above all, the words which leaped to one's mind within its boundaries, words which should be applicable to every garden, were those most precious ones, seclusion, tranquillity, peace.

I shall endeavor now to describe three flowery vistas. In these I have but two supports to which to refer, Miss Jekyll's own printed words, and the memory of a certain afternoon at Munstead Wood in July some years ago. Then, in company with a dear little girl of ten, whose interest lay mainly in Miss Jekyll's pet cats, I had a few hours of that pleasure unique among pleasures, of seeing the lovely place and walking there with its distinguished and hospitable owner. This was sixteen years ago, but the picture is as fresh as

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though it had been last summer, so deep an impress does the highest beauty in gardening leave upon the mind of its affectionate student and disciple.

The three pictures mentioned above show three distinct periods of bloom — the nut walk, early spring; the second a July border; the third the flowers of August. The beginning of this nut walk, whose tree is, of course, the cob or hazel-nut (*Corylus*), is described in Miss Jekyll's book, "Wood and Garden," with such practical detail that the passage is given entire. This was written in 1900, and the walk is now thirty years old — a beautiful tunnel of small trees, at whose feet primroses and hellebores cover the ground on either side of the narrow path.

"The nut walk was planted twelve years ago. There are two rows on each side, one row four feet behind the other, and the nuts are ten feet apart in the rows. They are planted zigzag, those in the back rows showing between the front ones. As the two inner rows are thirteen feet apart, measuring across the path, it leaves a shady border on each side, with deeper bays between the nearest trees. Lent hellebores fill one border from end to end; the other is planted with the Corsican and the native kinds, so that throughout February

AN ENGLISH GARDEN IN SPRING

and March there is a complete bit of garden of one kind of plant in full beauty of flower and foliage.

"The nut-trees have grown into such thick clumps that now there must be vigorous thinning. Each stool has from eight to twelve main stems, the largest of them nearly two inches thick. Some shoot almost upright, but two or three in each stool spread outward, with quite a different habit of growth, branching about in an angular fashion. These are the oldest and thickest. There are also a number of straight suckers one and two years old. Now when I look at some fine old nut alley, with the tops arching and meeting overhead, as I hope mine will do in a few years, I see that the trees have only a few stems, usually from three to five at the most, and I judge that now is the time to thin mine to about the right number, so that the strength and growing power may be thrown into these and not allowed to dilute and waste itself in growing extra fagoting. The first to be cut away are the old crooked stems. They grow nearly horizontally and are all elbows, and often so tightly locked into the straighter rods that they have to be chopped to pieces before they can be pulled out. When these are gone it is easier to get at the other stems, though they are often so

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close together at the base that it is difficult to chop or saw them out without hurting the bark of the ones to the left. All the young suckers are cut away. They are of straight, clean growth, and we prize them as the best possible sticks for chrysanthemums and potted lilies.

"After this bold thinning, instead of dense, thickety bushes we have a few strong, well-branched rods to each stool. At first the nut walk looks woefully naked, and for the time its pictorial value is certainly lessened; but it has to be done, and when summer side-twigs have grown and leafed it will be fairly well-clothed, and meanwhile the hellebores will be the better for the thinner shade." Miss Jekyll then proceeds to describe her visit, long before the above was written, to the cob-nut nursery near Reading, where she procured her foliage. Here she saw "alleys of nuts in all directions," and below them thousands of the pale-yellow daffodil, *Narcissus cernuus*. It was surely that visit and that picture which finally flowered into the lovely reality of the nut walk of Munstead Wood as it appears in 1918 in the photograph under consideration.

Since the descriptive passage above was written, many other spring flowering plants have been intro-

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duced into these delightful borders. The hellebores bloom first, then primroses, the famous Munstead strain, of course, in whites and palest yellows, these showing among *Myosotis dissitiflora*; tiarella, the foam-flower, is used "in patches," and *Uvularia grandiflora*, pale yellow, with *Dentaria diphylla*, white daffodils, dogtooth violets, and again the forget-me-nots, with a plant unknown to me, *Triteleia uniflora*. Back in the borders are columbines and Solomon's seal. Thus is Miss Jekyll's "tunnel of green shade" furnished forth in April and in May. Why do we not practice more in our country this type of planting? It is especially to be commended to the young amateur, who may, in middle age, reap the fruit of his nut-tree planting, and who, after three years of growth, may see a rich carpet of spring flowers awaiting those light lines of shadow from the future overhanging boughs of his hazels.

From the whites, pale yellows, and soft greens of spring, the delicate illumination of that early time, we leap now into the glorious hues of July. To turn to the photograph of the July border, the luxuriant masses of flowers have a setting of great depth and richness in the close foliage of tree and shrub; and a wall of sandstone on the right is the

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perfect background for the strong leaves of the yuccas which raise themselves against it. Here color plays a most important part. The flowers are mainly perennial. The scheme of color is pale blue, pale yellow, white, and gray. Foliage plants at the ends, and here and there in the borders, supply the last. For the blue-flowering plants, or rather plants with some blue in them, *Campanula lactiflora* is used, and some of the bluish spider-worts, also *Agatheæ cœlestis*, and the blue lobelia. These replace the blues of earlier delphiniums and anchusas. Among the gray-leaved plants *Eryngium oliverianum*, rue with a pale-yellow bloom, sea-kale, and such lower things as *Stachys lanata*, *Cineraria maritima* create delicate effects as foils for color. The yellows are the flowers of snapdragons, *Thalictrum flavum*, a golden privet judiciously set, tall yellow mulleins, and, delightful to record, as all that this plant needs is a proper use to make it everywhere charming, pale yellow cannas. White is brought into the border by means of snapdragons, the white everlasting pea, trained over old delphinium stalks, double meadow-sweet, *Clematis recta*, cleverly staked, and the flowers of the yucca, rising majestic from the rest. The middle portions of this July border on either

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side of the walk have plants with bloom of orange and scarlet, plentifully scattered with gray and white plant material. These bright effects in turn merge into the pale yellows, grays, whites, and lavenders of the further ends of the walk; crescendo and diminuendo are complete.

V

**SUMMER THOUGHTS IN
WINTER**

I have made a vast plantation. Lord Leicester told me the other day that he heard I would not buy some old china, because I was laying out all my money in trees: "Yes," said I, "my lord, I used to love blue trees, but now I like green ones."

—HORACE WALPOLE to SIR HORACE MANN, Strawberry Hill, May 3, 1749.

V

SUMMER THOUGHTS IN WINTER

LET him who will declare there is no color in winter landscape — that is, in a landscape whitened by snow. I point this man to the January scene in a part of our country not generally considered to have beauty; a gently rolling country with here and there a woodlot and sometimes a cedar swamp. And I ask him to look in early morning sunlight at the pale and delicate blue of the sky above these fields and woods; at the rich browns of oak foliage, at the pale tans of the little ghostly beeches, with their leaves which are a reminiscence; at the grays of trunk and bough, and at the bluish shadows cast by these gray drawings upon the soft, deep whiteness of the ground. An austerity of beauty lies in the pale, cold winter color seen here; and when by chance the dark mass of a white pine or the pointed tops of cedar groups come into the forefront of the picture, their rich hues are almost too startling for the pallid yet lovely background.

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The subject of the garden in winter is not a new one. Long, long ago Addison put his delight in his winter garden into words of beauty. To the true gardener the very breath of life is in that essay. To-day Katherine Tynan, in a charming lyric, "The Winter Garden," sings the theme as only an Irish singer can. I look through the window at my own bit of ground and am not only comforted, consoled, but stimulated by all that others have written concerning gardens in winter. I begin to think of the value of winter to the gardener as well as to the garden. Now it is that the mind turns back upon itself. Now thoughts of flowers must replace the actual flowers. Those imagined, whether faint or bright, must be one's consolation now. And the very contrast between the real garden of a summer past and the fancied garden of a summer to come is, must be, a spur to better and more perfect following of the dear pursuit.

Days there are in April possessed of a blue-and-green splendor not surpassed by those of June. These are the days when the very glass of one's window seems more crystalline for the glories seen through it. Such greens, such delicate shadows of trees upon turf, blurred just a bit by the soft out-

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lines of bud along bough! And then, across the glory of this newest, earliest grass, tight bouquets of color, long, loose garlands of color, crocuses flung down upon the brown earth, rimming the green as with enamel! Who among contemporary writers can paint the spring with so incomparable a brush as Mrs. Humphry Ward? 'They left the garden and wandered through some rocky fields on the side of the fell, till they came to one where Linnæus or any other pious soul might well have gone upon his knees for joy. Some loving hand had planted it with daffodils — the wild Lent lily of the district, though not now very plentiful about the actual lakes. And the daffodils had come back rejoicing to their kingdom and made it their own again. They ran in lines and floods, in troops and skirmishers all through the silky grass and round the trunks of the old knotted oaks that hung as though by one foot from the emerging rocks and screes. Above, the bloom of the wild cherries made a wavering screen of silver between the daffodils and the May sky; amid the blossoms the golden-green of the oaks struck a strong, riotous note; and far below, at their feet, the lake lay blue with all the sky within it, and the softness of the larch-woods on its banks.'

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The time is the 23d of March. A robin has come, a song-sparrow has been heard; we wander to the south boundary of our two acres in search of snowdrops. And here, on a little slope where the garland thorn and the red cedar grow to a height of some twelve feet, is a little but delicious spectacle of spring snowdrops, white bells ringing in the spring wind, and down the tiny hillside the delicate lavender, *Crocus Tommasinianus*, running here and there among the snowdrops. How I have longed to see the flora of the Alpine meadows, to see the crocus fields of the Alpine slopes! Flemwell's lovely pictures, as well as many pens besides his, have given me this desire. Yet in that absurdly wild imagination which I fear is mine I see a hint of these longed-for sights as I gaze now upon my white and palest violet flowers of March. Did not these snowdrops a week ago raise their buds and green leaves through a sheet of ice? Is not the effect of little tree and little flower so scaled as to suggest a much larger and more important picture? The least animate object coming into it disturbs that scale, of course, just as they say a robin perching upon the miniature Matterhorn ruins so tragically the effect of the renowned rock-garden of

SUMMER THOUGHTS IN WINTER

the late Sir Frank Crisp at Friar Park, his place upon the Thames.

And here before spring has fairly opened I begin planning for another year. 'On this earth,' says Margaret Symonds in that rare book of hers, "Days Spent on a Doge's Farm," 'one season is usually spent in looking for signs of the next.' More planting of the crocus is needed here, to give an even more natural-looking picture, a little cross-current, so to say, of the lavender; and the introduction perhaps of loose groups of *Iris reticulata* for the sake of its green spears alone, as the snowdrops and this species of crocus bloom much earlier than the iris. A few feet away from my Alpine valley the iris leaves are in plenty and a more determined plant I never hope to see. Its green leaves have pierced as with needle-points thick, wet masses of last year's fallen leaves, and, as the irises are here in rounding groups, the effect is of brown pin-cushions studded with green pins.

How well Walter Prichard Eaton has said, for us who live the year round in the country, that spring does not, as many people think, begin with apple-blossoms; but when its bagpipes, like those at Lucknow, 'were heard far off and faint,' 'when the little frogs pipe from each warm pool;

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when the color of trees large and small changes with the uprunning of the sap; when the swamps are encarnadined with dogwood stems.'

Now with this renaissance, with this renewal, how can we who garden fail to put forth a welcoming hand to what is new in our own province? New plants, new flowers, new shrubs, new trees. We are as sheep-like in horticulture as we are in dress. No sooner does one town cover itself with *Spiræa Vanhouttei* as with a garment, than another follows suit. In consequence, and even in these enlightened days, the American May and June in many localities have taken on a shroudlike pallor of dead-white bloom. I know the value of this shrub. I can fancy the furore which must have followed its arrival and distribution in this country, but we have too much of it. So, too, with the two barberries, *vulgaris* and *Thunbergii*. Our suburbs and larger and smaller towns deserve such names as Spireatown, Barberryville. And the monotony is inexcusable now, for every list contains beautiful variants on these shrubs and on others, such as syringa, philadelphus, hydrangea, lonicera, so lovely, so unusual in beauty, and so new that the variety we need to save us is not only here but of the highest possible interest and

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order. Who that has seen any collection of the newer lilacs (*syringa*) in flower would be satisfied to have only the common form? Marie Le Graye, Mme. Émile Lemoine, the single and double whites, Souvenir de Ludwig Spaeth, Toussaint l'Ouverture, the wondrous purples, Belle de Nancy (almost a blue), Philemon, with its great clusters of pinkish mauve — the list is only hinted at here. Listen to this description of *Syringa sweginzowii superba*: 'This superb plant was introduced from Central China through the Paris Museum. Its leaves, of moderate size, are dull green and sharply pointed; its flowers, borne in long clusters covering the whole shrub in June, are of a soft flesh color and deliciously fragrant; it is one of the loveliest shrubs we possess.' Or this bit concerning *Syringa Émile Gentil*: 'Good thyrses of large, full, and imbricated flowers, bright cobalt blue, a very rare shade among lilacs.'

Who that has once stood entranced before the wonderful flowers of *Viburnum Carlesii*, that has breathed its sweet and pungent fragrance, could remain content to possess only *Viburnum opulus*? Why sit in dull satisfaction beside the ubiquitous barberries aforesaid when such a marvel as Wilson's barberry, when the charms of the several

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cotoneasters, are easily purchasable? Until these things are seen by one's own eye, however, it is difficult to interest the individual in them. The new philadelphus tribe, the new diervillas — these are like the products of a dream; the new deutzias, like their originals or types, but so much more beautiful, more distinguished.

We have passed in this country through various periods of fashion in gardening and in shrub planting. In driving through towns of various States one notices this. There was, of course, the obnoxious time when the golden-leaved shrub was the thing; a later period, when the blue spruce predominated as a feature of the planting. In a town on the highroads of New York I could not help thinking that the motto of its inhabitants at one time must have been "A Weeping Elm for Every Home." Similarly in parts of New England every dooryard in countless numbers of localities has its hydrangea, a single specimen always, and sometimes grown to a height and fulness of inflorescence which makes it a strikingly interesting spectacle. These things go in waves — waves of interest in *the thing seen* — my moral from this being: let more of us indulge from time to time in what is new. Let us try arrangements of new

SUMMER THOUGHTS IN WINTER

and unknown flowers in our borders; new shrubs at the edges of our grassy lawns.

We really have no excuse for staying too long by the older things. Such beauties are now offered in at least three lists I could mention—lovely things from China, Japan, Korea, beautiful hybrids from France—that it would be absurd to say that these subjects were not to be had here. Is there a woman among gardeners who has not an open eye for lovely trailing things for decorative use with fruit upon her table? To such I should like to say that if she has been satisfied hitherto with *Ampelopsis Veitchii*'s terminal garlands of finely set and colored leaves, what will be her delight when she sees for the first time *Ampelopsis aconitifolia*—that perfect beauty from Korea? Absolutely hardy, tested now for long in the Arnold Arboretum, it is so lovely in the form and color of its leaf, so graceful in its way of growing, that one cannot too highly commend it. No one should dispraise—to coin a word—the old and ever beautiful Hall's honeysuckle, but there is a richness of color in the flowers of the newer *Lonicera Heckrottii* which fits it far better than the old favorite for a place against a warm house or garden wall of mellow brick. Why not use these charming op-

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portunities for change and for the enlarging of our knowledge?

Two years ago *Lythrum roseum*, Perry's variety, was placed in the garden on trial. Eight plants were set, in balanced fashion, with Phlox Mme. Paul Dutrie before them, two of the lythrums or loosestrifes about a foot apart in each group. With what eagerness I watched the development of these new things, and what was my delight in finding them more beautiful, more valuable, than anything thus tested for several years! If anything could be more satisfactory for intense heat, too, than this lythrum I have yet to see it. Under the hottest of suns it flourishes, a pillar of flower by day. In fact, it is almost too flourishing, so vigorous is its growth and so spreading its roots in one season. Five feet is its height in this garden; its brilliant mauve flowers, in slender spikes, come into bloom as delphiniums pass; the pale grayish-mauve buds are as charming as the flowers, and with the delphinium blues near make an original and delicate contrast in color. Another of its virtues is its beauty while fading. Until the last floret is gone from the stem — and that is, I should say, perhaps three weeks from the beginning of bloom — it is entirely lovely in color. If one should wish to reduce the height of the plant for

SUMMER THOUGHTS IN WINTER

a certain spot, the root can easily be divided in autumn by chopping, exactly as one would with a hardy phlox or aster. In great heat, watering the lythrum is advisable, to prevent its lower leaves changing to scarlet and thus fatally affecting the appearance of this remarkable plant.

Turning from a tall plant to a low-growing one, I mention *Salvia virgata nemorosa* as a most lovely addition to the list of deep-purple flowers. I once thought no salvia could compete for beauty with *S. farinacea*, but here is another quite as good in its way, and which with its violet flowers should make a very pretty companion for *S. farinacea's* pale lavender-blue. *S. virgata nemorosa* has about eighteen inches of height, and flings forth in July countless little spikes of purple bloom, very rich and arresting. Its perfect hardiness in a severe climate and its interesting color add to its value.

Purple and mauve in flowers have such beautiful garden possibilities. Better than in any picture I have seen are the uses of mauve shown in the color illustration "Leonardslea in June," from that sumptuous new book, "Rhododendrons," by Mil-lais, recently published in England. It is by studying such arrangements that one gets fresh conceptions of what may be done with flowering shrubs.

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Some one — was it Eden Philpotts? — has said that it seems to be the general course of amateur gardening to turn in one's middle age to the more permanent forms of vegetation, trees and shrubs. I confess to a feeling of regret that my earlier years were not devoted to study and experiment with these glorious subjects, and would advise young amateurs to begin their decorative gardening with shrubs and trees. Thus they build upon a horticultural rock. The foundation is properly laid. A tree or shrub may be grown from seed, as Professor Sargent would always have us do it; the expense in any case is exceedingly slight, the care practically *nil* compared with that of flowers. If all young people interested in gardening, as happily so many are now, would first look into the principles of design, of planning of gardens, then inform themselves concerning the structural green of their garden, its trees and shrubs, and finally throw down their garlands of flowers, there would be beautiful because logical results. Most of us begin at the wrong end in this wonderful art. I confess this to be my own sorrowful experience, and would warn every one away from such a course of errors as my own.

VI

EARLIER FLOWERS

It froze hard last night; . . . The contents of an English June are hay and ice, orange-flowers and rheumatisms.

—HORACE WALPOLE to AGNES and MARY BERRY, Strawberry Hill, June 14, 1791.

Though my lawn is burnt and my peas and beans and strawberries scorched, I will bear it with patience till the harvest is got in.

—HORACE WALPOLE to the HONORABLE H. S. CONWAY, Strawberry Hill, July 17, 1793.

I am determined never to cut my grass again till October, the only month whose honour one can trust; June always ruins one in hay and coals; I crouch every evening over the fire.

—HORACE WALPOLE to the COUNTESS OF UPPER OSSORY, Strawberry Hill, July 1, 1799.

VI

EARLIER FLOWERS

IT is May, when summer first is leafy, when the young oaks are opening with slow reticence their rosy leaflets. When one such oak stands alone in the freshly ploughed field of our region its young foliage is almost lost to sight against the earth, so nearly do the rose-colored leaflets and the pinkish soil come together in color. The vivid greens of elm and beech have a freshness which is almost a moisture, comparable to that freshest of all things, an unfolding butterfly. One week earlier there were blooming the shadbush, the wild plum, those wraiths of the spring wood; and now and again were seen in young leaf, colonies of the white birch. It was a fortunate thought of the scene-painter for Massenet's delicious opera of *Griseledis*, that in the prologue the young shepherd should come piping through a grove of these slender and delicate trees.

In turning homeward after an absence in May, how one watches the things in bloom, to get a flowery advance bulletin of the condition of one's

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own flowers. A few hours' journey northward from south to central Michigan has from the car window numberless blooming sign-posts; at first petals are falling from the apple-trees; lilacs are at their utmost point of full bloom. Farther north the apple-blossoms are fixed along the boughs, the lilac thyrses are darker at the tips, a sign that buds are yet to open; and in the woods there is a delicate laciness of foliage which gives one hope of still seeing the fullest spring beauty at home.

'And in the season of perfect and frailest beauty,
Pear blossom broke and the lilacs' waxen cones,
And a tranced laburnum trailing its veils of yellow,
Tenderly drooped over the ivied stones.

'The lilacs browned, a breath dried the laburnum,
The swollen peonies scattered the earth with blood,
And the rhododendrons shed their sumptuous mantles,
And the marshalled irises unsceptred stood.'

A good spring planting noticed in 1918 but not in full flower till early May because of the singular lateness of that season, was of crocus and scilla, all below and among old bushes of Japanese quince in faint leaf. Fortunately for the harmonies of this picture, the quince-buds had suffered from winter cold and no flowers had ap-

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peared. The white crocus, Kathleen Parlow, was here seen running into masses of blue *Scilla sibirica*, with groups of yellow crocus near by; beyond all these one saw reaches of purple and white. This gay color covered some twenty-five square feet, and the blues lost themselves in the distance, trailing among young *Juniperus sabina*. Here and there among these scillas, which have naturalized themselves with remarkable freedom, were groups of narcissi in bud. Yellowish buds of hyacinth *Adelaide Ristori*, too, were here. The white crocus nestling among the blue flowers and running through them in the manner of a free woodland planting, made a picture to remember; the tall blue bells of scilla were all among the white flowers, actually hung over them in places. This was the order of colors as I set it down hastily at the time: deep purple, a little white among, then purple, yellow, blue, next lavender, yellow again with clusters of purple, then white with a little yellow beyond, the white running off into a field of vivid blue. The purples, lavenders, whites, and yellows were all crocuses, the blues that purest blue of *Scilla sibirica*. This planting might readily be carried out in annual flowers, to bloom in early summer or midsummer. It furnishes, too, the

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suggestion for a whole small garden, for by the exercise of ingenuity and some hunting through plant lists, flowers may be had to bloom together in the later season as these do in an earlier one. This early spring group just described is loveliness itself; it is again referred to as I now write of a planting at the edge of the grass nearest the street from the house, which has been and is a source of continued trouble and regret to me. This planting is made up of ancient bushes of Japanese quince, which have not done well, of one or two fine young seedling elms, a mulberry-tree and two or three tall old maples shading the street and headed out when young in the arboreally ignorant fashion prevailing in our part of Michigan some thirty years ago. A few struggling plants of *Juniperus sabina* mentioned above complete for me the misery of this planting. All winter it is a horror to me; but the moment the robin's song is heard the dogwood takes on its wondrous carmine from the sap upflowing — it is the European osier dogwood — thousands of crocuses in loveliest patterns bloom below the still bare stems and twigs; marsh marigolds show their yellow in a low and moist part of the ground, and the little uncurling fronds of

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Spiræa astilbe, which are thickly planted below all these shrubs and trees, lend their own interest to this place. These little lambkins of spring flowers are soon followed by daffodils and hyacinths, late low scillas blooming through veils of the young green of leaflets on the boughs above them, and I even have at the edge of the border that noblest of all pink Darwin tulips, Mrs. Kerrell, with *Scilla campanulata Excelsior* in myriads near by. From then on the border is a good mass of foliage and a fair screen from the street. It is in winter that the place is unbearable. I know what I should do — consult a landscape-gardener of reputation and get a proper planting plan for that bit of ground. But, to lose the lovely spring picture now always to be expected, is too great a test of self-denial. Every one knows that little colonies of spring flowers must be left undisturbed year after year, to show their full beauty. Only thus is an effect of naturalness to be got.

The reverse of the medal is the actual opposite of this space across the grass nearest the border described. It is a grouping of shrubs against the house itself, and gives as much pleasure in all seasons as the other gives pain. To live with new shrubs for fifteen years, suddenly to have a flood

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of light thrown upon their use and beauty—this has been an experience to remember and to share with others. The shrubs in question stand in an irregular planting against the eastern wall of the house. At the north end of the wall is the main door of the house, very insignificant, as in houses of the quieter English type. Such doors are used only for incoming and outgoing; why should they be important? South of the door are the five mullioned lights of a music-room window, then two open arches at the end of a loggia. The length of this wall is perhaps forty-five feet. Here is its planting to be most warmly commended to those to whom a succession of white and mauve bloom may be valuable. And, first, against the open arches, as a screen from the near-by street, stands a glorious tree, *Philadelphus grandiflorus*, an ancient mock orange, brought twelve years ago from a near-by village, a tree some forty years old and twenty feet high. Its twisting stems are beautiful when hung with ice in winter, when snow and ice are its garland; and in June, when other garlands of a whiteness, warmth, and fragrance beyond description crown its branches, it is a marvel of beauty. Below this white tree are other younger *Philadelphus* bushes,



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and to the left, as we face the wall, a group of syringas or lilac *Rothomagensis*, the Rouen lilac.

Next come some fine flowering currants or ribes, then *Spiræa Vanhouttei*, next to the right *Hydrangea arborescens*, interspersed by the rich greens of Mahonia, and, finally, flanking the doorway just mentioned, the graceful sprays of the aptly named Philadelphus Avalanche. In the order of their blooming thus they come: first the Rouen lilac; and by the doorway are the groups of that charming Darwin tulip, Agneta, which carries the mauve of the lilac across green leaf-masses to the visitor's standing place; next the white spirea, the white currant, the white mock orange, with the great white tree the latest of these. Avalanche, at the door, now welcomes all who come with graceful showers of white but little fragrance, and when Avalanche's beauty is departed the green mounds of the hydrangea-buds slowly turn to cream, and the dear sequence is complete.

I wish I might make you who read see the loveliness of this changing picture. These white flowers melt like snows into each other. What a marvel is that power of nature to turn the eye from what is past its best to a fresh and flowering beauty! It is such gentle management — the one

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who looks does not feel himself urged or driven; yet is there a compelling force to equal that of beauty?

This shrub-planting can be reproduced in little. One of each of these things, with the possible exception of the hydrangea, where five or seven shall be the least, would in ten years, arranged loosely as I have suggested and given plenty of room (a thing I never give to anything and am always regretting too late!), will produce that ravishing and reviving effect of white bloom that I have endeavored to describe. If I were to re-plant, I should leave out the lilac. It is interesting enough, but would be better elsewhere, and the coolness of white and green alone is unsurpassable. The period of bloom in this border covers at least a month, possibly more — from May 20 to June 20—in an average season and the latitude of Boston.

As I look about at the little we have accomplished in growing plants, shrubs, and trees in sixteen years' work on two acres, some of it looks so unutterably poor to me that I wish to cut down and pull out much and begin again. There are thin, ugly plantings, places where foliage screens should be yet none exist, bad masses of stuff,

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ugly arrangements of shrubs. The need of space is sometimes responsible for such ugliness, where one's ground is small; but more often the reason is that I forget the larger aspect of the place while busy with small plantings. As an example: no more room last autumn for peonies, yet a small collection had been ordered and was due to arrive — a question where to put them. All shrub borders, before which peonies nearly always look well, but where the fine collector would not plant, had been long since packed to suffocation, not only with their own roots but with spring bulbs and perennial plants too, mainly with foxglove, peony, crocus, and daffodil. Looking about for room, I decided upon a stretch of grass in the far southwest corner of the expanse of orchard before the house. Here two or three old apple-trees had died and been removed. The corner was well screened in by masses of willow, elder, dogwood, and other flowering shrubs, and a little plantation of Japanese flowering cherries was started in the open lawn. The grass was hardly grass; chickweed had overflowed the spot. Here, because of the open position, no large tree roots in the way, and not too much shade, we placed such treasures as Kelway's Glorious and others in our

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list. We had dug and prepared the circular spots for the peonies the spring before, so that no heating from natural fertilizer could injure the roots, and in the following manner we dug the circles for each plant. An iron band has been bent in a circle two feet in diameter. The band is thin and has one end sharpened. It is not closed and can be spread to include a wider space if wanted. When laid on the grass, its sharp edge down, we place it where we want our plant to stand, and hammer it into the ground. A perfect circle of turf is then lifted, the soil prepared, and, instead of manure to protect the newly planted peony tubers through winter, the segments of sod from the top of the circular space are replaced, forming an excellent protection.

I have now wandered into a detailed planting; the bearing of all this upon the general effect of lawn and orchard is still to be seen. It may be a perpetration of ugliness which I shall regret, but with little-flowering cherries first, and large-flowering peonies later, with great philadelphuses blooming near the peonies the moment those handsome flowers are full, we may expect a picture not all incongruous. At all events, there will be less of that little villain the chickweed.

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There are, I fancy, peony enthusiasts who exist from one June to the next but who may be said really to live only in that lovely month. It is easy to feel a sympathy for this group on first seeing that great peony *Thérèse*. There is a delicious generosity of form in this fine flower which first commends it to the eye. It is built on large, bold lines. Its petals, from the simple, unfrilled guards to the incurving ones of the crown, are all simple and fine in outline. The color is a cooler pink than that of *Gallé*, but as pale, and the centre of the flower has a suggestion of cream-white. Never have I so admired a peony on sight. It has an enchantment of its own and one which is indescribable, this fair, pale flower. Those broad silken petals, that noble contour of the whole bloom, its faint perfume, give it a high place among the members of its fine companions in beauty. The peony, in the illustration opposite page 90, is, I think, *M. Jules Élie*; but the real reason for publishing this picture is to call attention to the lifting of the eye, from grass to flower, from flower to trellised arch, and thence to the boughs of a tall elm. Here is a little composition in living things, not planned, but with an interest of its own to those who watch its growth.

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Lady Alexandra Duff, before me as I write, is so often described that words upon its whorl of petals seem almost absurd. A whorl it is, and, for its general look of having taken shape under the influence of whirling breezes, it calls to my mind the cut fringed paper pinwheel of my childhood. Strong is the contrast in this great semi-double flower between the smooth, large guard petals of blush-pink and the frilled, feathered, cut, and crumpled ones of the collar or inner circle. All this is centred by golden-yellow stamens, which bristle from the centre of the peony. The whole effect is so striking that one cannot wonder at the celebrity attained by this flower. These peonies — the four or five I now describe — stand in a jar of rough ware from Capri. The jar is some ten inches high, fluted horizontally, and has a faint suggestion of pink in its pale-gray clay. The outer petals of Lady Alexandra Duff exactly "corresmatch," as a charming older woman of my acquaintance was wont to say, with the tone of the rough ware, and the handsome peony leaves are rich and fresh beyond words, as a foil to both flowers and their container. Here among others in water before me, is Ginette, so fresh and fair, the long, boat-shaped guard-petals framing

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in a cluster of fringed and cut collar and crown-petals of the tenderest flesh pink. There is a certain bright elegance about this flower. Here, too, is Alexandre Dumas, so rich, so striking in its deep-pink guards and its ruff of amber and tuft of tall crown-petals standing away from the ruff. Fresh interest in the peony mounting high as these notes were transcribed, I inquired diligently of Mrs. Edward Harding as to her opinion of the three best of the family. Her answer follows: "Three peonies stand absolutely at the top, untouched, unequalled: They are *Le Cygne*, *Solange*, and *Walter Faxon*. The next rank so closely in quality and beauty that it is difficult to draw a line. Any three of the following varieties, added to the three which I have just named, will give you the six finest in the world. You have only to close your eyes and choose, or select according to your special predilection for tint, form, or fragrance. *Mme. Émile Lemoine*, *Mrs. Edward Harding*, *Festiva maxima*, *Glorious*, *Milton Hill*, *La Fée*, *Avalanche*, *Baroness Schroeder*, and *Thérèse*. Doubtless there will be clamorous criticism because *Thérèse* is not named in the first three. But large, fresh, free-blooming, and beautiful as this variety is, in my opinion it still can-

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not touch Walter Faxon for gorgeousness and purity of coloring, or for useful qualities as a cut flower."

There is in my possession a shallow, rather oval dish, an old Italian piece. The paste is gray, the decoration simple and delicate, a dull blue. Never have I liked flowers better in this than when this spring it held that glorious tulip of glorious name, Illuminator, with young peony leaves among the tulips, with lily-of-the-valley-like sprays of double arabis to give brilliant light to the group, and twigs of youngest leaflets of white birch to make the mass less solid in effect. Incomparably rich was this arrangement; more sumptuous color cannot be. The tulip of flaming orange and yellow, the bronzes of peony foliage and of birch, and the scintillating touches of white made a most satisfactory indoor arrangement. Why not a garden of these same things, if peonies will permit the intrusion of the three companions near their roots? Some gardener will cry out against my sacrifice of young peony branches, and, indeed, I confess to a feeling of regret here. I thought of those who will not withhold their hand from baby lamb when such is desired for a lady's cloak; yet I picked my peonies and mean to watch the be-

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havior of those plants which have been thus ruthlessly thinned for the early beauty of a dinner-table. At the moment the garden is rich with color, and campanulas in three varieties furnish the most of this. By far the most effective of these three is *Campanula lactiflora*, which rises in purple clouds to a height of four to five feet. Next in color value comes *Campanula medium*, the Canterbury bell, never larger or finer than this year, this in four hues — bright purple, lavender of the same type as that of the beautiful August-blooming *Lycoris* that iridescent lavender, cool pale-pink, and white. The third campanula is *persicifolia*, both lavender and white. The grace and slenderness of this flower make it more precious, if possible, than the other garden campanulas. How often have I wished for a pale rose-color in this species! Let us be thankful, however, for the present lavender and white mercies. The purple of the magnificent *Campanula lactiflora* is in itself a thought too violent, but as it is now, dense masses of it in the garden, tempered by enchanting spires of *Delphinium belladonna* and other tall pale-blues and mauves, it gives a depth of splendid color to the green-hedged parterre that nothing else can supply. Next year — oh,

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that magic phrase!—I shall let the charming perennial digitalis stand below *C. lactiflora*, for the pale straw-yellow spikes of foxglove are lovely with the latter's purple bells.

Look for one moment toward that lovely bit of color in flowers lightly raised above a group of white *Campanula persicifolia*; it is a delicate picture of palest blue and cool pink. Three plants from pots, of the fine sweet pea Henry Ohn, were set among these *Delphinium belladonnas* in late May. Now these sweet peas have really the effect of rose-colored butterflies fluttering about the blue lengths of the delphinium. The wet season did much for this happy achievement, I am convinced. The sweet pea, with its love for coolness and for water, has vigorously responded to this type of summer weather, and the result is lovely beyond words. In the autumn of 1920 this garden was entirely refilled with fresh soil from an old meadow-bottom, and all the plants reset. Perennials were divided; peonies, delphiniums, phloxes, mercilessly separated or chopped apart; small bits replaced in ordered groups; there seemed to be endless vacant spaces. When we were resetting the pieces of perennial roots, spacing them for the most part a foot to eighteen inches apart,

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I thought with pleasure of the room I should have for annuals this year; more than ever before, for I said: "These roughly treated things will not do well next summer; I hardly expect any of them to bloom. If they live and show green I shall be grateful." Never was there a more complete surprise, or series of surprises; for, owing to a season of unprecedented rains and to the influence of the fresh earth, the subjects in the garden have outdone themselves. All winter, as I have said, I dreamed of the pleasure it would be to give annuals pride of place. Many Canterbury bells were distributed in balanced color groups in September, and the beautiful heliotrope Elizabeth Dennison, the prize-winner of the San Francisco Exposition, was liberally planted this spring. A rearrangement of color was planned, the intention for midsummer and late season, a time of mauve, violet, and white flowers — for earliest blooming the salmon-pinks and lavenders of a color plan not new to me or to most gardens; Oriental poppies, *Iris pallida dalmatica*, and lupines of bluish lavender; this shifting to an early July effect to be secured by the lavish use of Canterbury bells in the three pure hues of violet, cool pink, and white, with the tall *Campanula lactiflora* to give

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variety in purple height. Now pyrethums overlap upon this bloom and very good they are therewith. The white polemonium and the gray-leaved stachys both perform their part, with tall flowering stems and foliage of the beauty peculiar to such plants. White and purple stocks thickly blooming, because set out in May from pots, make lovely bushy foregrounds for the campanulas before which they stand. Stocks in violet, lavender, and white only were used, the buff foxglove, quantities of deep-purple and clear-white petunias, purple and rose-colored verbenas, with here and there a dash of mignonette and white zinnia seed thrown in. Already in June, under the soft influence of constant rains, the garden is full to overflowing with color, and never, I fondly think, have transplanted flowers done so well for any one. Heucheras especially flourish as not before in years, all moved and divided in the autumn. These, with their bright coral flowers, I admit are bad with the harsh purples of the Canterbury bells, but there are among the heucheras some varied groups of sweet-william, Miss Jekyll's beloved darkest red and a few of the gay Newport pink. The picture is irresistible, and, though it truly does offend in relation to one other part of

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CHIEF SUBJECT	SEASON OF BLOOM	COLOR	COMBINE WITH :
<i>Buddleia variabilis superba</i>	July-Sept.	Lavender pink	Japanese Iris
<i>Daphne Cneorum</i>	May	Rose pink	<i>Mertensia virginica</i> <i>Iberis sempervirens</i> <i>Narcissus Barrii conspicuus</i>
<i>Gladiolus Primulinus Hybrids</i>	Six weeks after planting	Yellow Pink Old rose	<i>Gypsophila paniculata</i> <i>Ageratum</i> <i>Zinnia</i> , copper and yellow
<i>Helianthemum Salmon Queen</i>	June	Salmon pink	<i>Portulaca</i> (pink and yellow shade) <i>Lobelia</i> (annual deep blue)
<i>Iris Chester Hunt</i> <i>Junia</i> <i>Albert Victor</i> <i>Pallida dalmatica</i> <i>Isolene</i> <i>Mt. Penn</i> <i>Lent A. Williamson</i> <i>Mildred Presby</i> <i>Anna Farr</i> <i>Minnehaha</i> <i>Wyomissing</i>	June	Dark and pale blue Clear blue Blue and lavender Clear pale blue Orchid pink Pink and deep pink Lavender pink Plum and pale plum White, veined blue White, shaded yellow White, suffused pink	<i>Columbine</i> , <i>Paeonia</i> , <i>Heuchera</i> , <i>Linum perenne</i>
<i>Lithospermum prostratum</i> <i>Heavenly Blue</i>	May-June	Turquoise blue	<i>Cerastium</i> <i>Stachys lanata</i> <i>Aubrietia</i>
<i>Lycoris squamigera</i>	August	Pink shaded blue	<i>Anemone salicifolia</i>
<i>Paeonia La Perle</i> <i>Lady Duff</i> <i>La Fayette</i> <i>Jules Dessert</i> <i>Gigantea</i> <i>Adonise Superba</i> <i>Festiva Maxima</i> <i>Mons. Martin Cahusac</i>	May-June	Lavender pink Flesh pink Lavender pink Pale rose Rose pink Cerise White Red	<i>Mauve Iris</i> <i>Lupine</i> <i>Forglove</i> <i>Columbine</i>
<i>Phlox Elisabeth Campbell</i> <i>Mme. Paul Dutrie</i> <i>Peachblow</i> <i>America</i> <i>Rynstroom</i> <i>Miss Lingard</i> <i>Jeanne D'Arc</i> <i>Tapis Blanc</i> <i>Antoine Buchner</i> <i>Mrs. Jenkins</i> <i>Crepuscule</i> <i>Le Mahdi</i> <i>Iris</i> <i>Pharon</i>	July-August	Salmon pink Blue pink Mauve pink Pink with Tyrian eye Rose pink White (early) White (mid-season) White dwarf White (mid-season) White (late) Silver mauve Dark bluish violet Bluish violet Mauve with white eye	<i>Gypsophila paniculata</i> <i>Eryngium</i> <i>Echinops</i> <i>Blue Salviae</i>
<i>Salvia farinacea</i>	June-Sept.	Mauve	<i>Antirrhinum</i> <i>Zinnia</i> <i>Ageratum</i>
<i>Thalictrum glaucum</i>	May-June	Yellow	<i>Delphinium</i>
<i>Viola Apricot</i>	May	Apricot yellow	<i>Primrose</i> <i>Aubrietia</i> <i>Anchusa agrostiflora</i>

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the garden, it is in itself so lovely, so suggestive, that it must remain as a useful idea, though a bit too red a spot for ocular comfort at present. More than other flowers the heuchera needs space. Moving does not seem to trouble it, but room and good soil, as well as full sun, are essential.

No more delightfully suggestive table in color arrangement have I seen than that by Miss Isabella Pendleton, which I am allowed to use. (See preceding page.)

VII
LATER FLOWERS

You had better return to town like me, and put an erratum at the end of your almanac, *for June read January*. Summer was made to be felt and enjoyed, not to be taken for better or worse like a spouse, in whom one has no pleasure any longer.

—HORACE WALPOLE to the COUNTESS OF UPPER OSSORY,
London, June 13, 1782.

VII

LATER FLOWERS

'The winds that dash these August dahlias down,
And chase the streams of light across the grass,
This solemn watery air, like clouded glass,
This perfume on the terrace bare and brown,

'Are like the soundless flush of full renown
That gathers with the gathering years that pass,
And weaves for happy, glorious life, alas!
Of sorrow and of solitude a crown.'

EDMUND GOSSE, "Melancholy in the Garden."

I HAVE elsewhere told of a joyful recurrence on our place in Michigan of spring colors in autumn, of groups and thronging crowds of Darwin tulips in hues of purple to lavender, merging into green summer foliage, to be recalled to memory in September by clouds of hardy asters in the self-same colors. There is a delicious melancholy in this reminder. Yet there is also a hope. The asters are a link between spring and spring — notes of a music on the autumn air, a music not only of a spring gone by, but of one to come. No-where have I had a more poignant, more startling

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reminder of May in October than yesterday, when, travelling past a great plantation of larch, I saw the forest floor completely carpeted with young maples, two to four feet, whose leaves were glowing, dazzling flame. Instantly my thoughts flew to the Arnold Arboretum in azalea time. These colors of the little maples repeated actually those of the Ghent azaleas and of *Azalea Kämpferi* on the slopes of the Arboretum at the end of May. The larch-trees of my Michigan picture were thin of foliage. One might easily have mistaken them for the budding trees of spring. The illusion was complete, a spectacle to strike a chord of joy in the heart of any watcher of the earth.

In my garden last autumn was a beautiful Japanese anemone, with adjectives too many by three for its name (*Anemone japonica rosea superba elegans*). It was a most lovely flower, three and a half inches in diameter, of marvellous size, and with a perfect circle of yellow stamens held tight to the rosy-mauve centre of the flower by a light-green button. A most perfect thing this is for cutting with buddleias or for growing below them for an effect in bluish mauve and cool pink. The colors of the anemone are Ridgway, Persian lilac to pale Persian lilac; the French chart gives them

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as 178-1 and 187-1. Allied to this color is that of the cosmos. By mistake seeds of tall mauve-pink cosmos crept or fell into the garden this year. In consequence, here are four tall plants of it, with wide blooms, more every day. It happens that the color which prevails in the library of our house is dull blue — blue linen loose-covers and so on. Nothing in flowers has ever suited this room better than this day's adornment of a great vase filled with mauve cosmos, above which spikes of *Aconitum Wilsonii* lift their noble purple heads. It is a miracle when one considers the date. But what a glory lamps give to this cosmos; by day its color is not clear — it has a more or less muddy look; at night the warmest, brightest pink glows in its petals.

Turning back a little to the flowers of late summer, I find this date: July 21, phloxes, the earliest of the decussatas are now in full beauty. The great splashes of color in the garden given by this stalwart group of flowers are of interest in July and August, and give an objective of no common importance when one is rearranging the garden in autumn. The scent of them, too, is so fresh, clean, and sweet. As for color, I might name again a few favorites — Eugene Danzanvilliers, the

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handsome lavender, never seen to better advantage than when blue delphiniums' lingering blooms lift their heads back of it. Below this pair is a very slender small hemerocallis, of a specially pale yellow, and lower again a pale calendula. This is an uncommonly good group, and phlox is its backbone. In considering the forms of phlox groups, I am tempted to use terms commonly applied to the contour of hills. For example, from where I sit three fine varieties form a good picture in flowers. Tapis Blanc is the foremost; to the left and higher is a rounding peak of the large-flowered lavender Antonin Mercie, and between these and slightly to the left, a fine flowering plant of Widar, rich mauve. This forms a shoulder in my hills of flowers, and as these soft colors rise above each other in noble profusion, nothing in plants can give more pleasure. Elizabeth Campbell's perfect pink now shows itself in pointed panicles near *Lilium regale*. Below Tapis Blanc, — which, by the way, is most telling this year in texture and size of its pure flowers, — below this, white phlox in four places, a beautiful lavender-blue ever-blooming campanula, var. *alliariaefolia*, from Miss Willmott's seed, is fair to look upon from now till frost. The wondrous Re-



PHLOX TAPIS BLANC AND LILIUM REGALE



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gal lily lifts its handsome trumpet among the spikes of yet another campanula, *latifolia*, and in front of these two are the clear, cool, pink flowers of an annual new to me this year — Sutton's Silene, Rose Queen. Balsams, the camellia-flowered ones of a very pale flesh-pink, white petunias, and another most valuable perennial which I owe to seed from the gardens of Warley Place, adenophora, make fine foreground plantings for the campanulas and lilies, and I expect much from my first trials of Mignon dahlias, white and yellow, strong plants but not yet in bud.

July 20. — Fourteen days of a tropical sun in Michigan, a test through which the fine rambler rose Excelsa comes forth triumphant. Clusters of its deep-pink flowers hang loosely against the heated wood of a high green garden-gate, as fresh after passing through July's burning fiery furnace as though they had opened the day before.

Ghiselaine de Féligonde, a rambler lately brought into the garden, is minutely described elsewhere on these pages. But may I repeat a little? This rose is about an inch and a quarter in diameter, flat in form, with a thick mat of bright yellow stamens and a centre of pale yellow; certainly I know

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of no rambler like this, of none to approach it in distinction of color and form. Aviateur Blériot has a similar bud, rich copper color; but its flower is less interesting. Again, Ghiselaine de Féligonde lacks the delicious fragrance of Aviateur Blériot. Three to four blooms of Ghiselaine are open at once, held out on finely stiff stems. What with its surprising beauty of flower, its rare color and form and its interesting name, a name which Maurice Hewlett may have known and used in tales of the *moyen âge*, this rose is a distinct addition to any garden or collection. Aviateur Blériot is a little bomb-shaped rose, reminding one of a quilled dahlia of cream-white, but without the upturned quillings of each petal. Here the square and tiny petals are spread and slightly reflexed. Last week the charm of the garden lay principally in the silvery valerian and the violet *Campanula lactiflora*. To-day it is interesting to see some of this color persist, but through other media. The mantle of the campanula has fallen upon *Salvia virgata nemorosa*, whose upright violet spikes now rise back of *Stachys lanata*. Beyond the salvia's purple stand finely developed plants of the lightest of all the *Arendsii* phloxes, almost white. From the ground up the colors run thus — silvery gray,

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violet, pearl-white. Here is a capital group. The valerians are fast forming seed; *Clematis recta* still pours its cascades of cream-white flowers and buds down before opening delphiniums, and in stated places low-spreading clusters of pink ramblers brighten the garden, Ellen Poulson, Louise Welter, and the dwarf crimson ramblers, which shall in August be replaced by white flowering ones, Yvonne Rabier perhaps.

Cimicifuga simplex, established now after three years in its place, blooms freely. Its tall, slim, creamy spikes give welcome variety of line in time of phloxes. I sometimes fancy that snake-flower, not snake-root, would be the better name for these flowers if they behave elsewhere as here. In nearly every raceme there is a rectangular bend toward the top. This is actually a slight defect. Can it be due to dry weather, which we have had in full measure this year? Or is it, so to say, congenital? However, *Cimicifuga simplex* is graceful, distinguished, lovely. A color arrangement of flowers of quiet beauty is the tall spiral mignonette, violet petunia beside it, with the hyacinth-flowered lavender candytuft in bloom below the two.

There is near me a little garden whose dimen-

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sions cannot be more than eighty by thirty feet. This garden lies in the inner corner of a corner lot. Around two of its sides, the long one to the north and the short one to the east, is a screen of closely planted Lombardy poplars, these backed by the more definite boundary of a green-painted wooden fence. The side to the south is outlined by an excellently designed trellis, painted also a dull green, in the centre of whose length is also a gateway. The narrow end to the west is open, except for the high shrubs on either side of a passage of turf. Lady Gay rambler roses are hung lightly along the treillage, and at the moment at which I write, the second week in September, a charming array of flowers is in bloom. Here is a group of zinnias of a remarkable tone of rich buff, *Isabellina* by name; around these cluster violet petunias, while in front are stocks, heuchera foliage and that of stachys, as well as lilac alyssum; the pretty annual delphiniums are in their second bloom, pink phloxes and the lavender *salvia farinacea*, as well as ageratum, give added beauty, and against the tall poplar screen *Artemisia lactiflora* spreads its lovely self like a fountain in full play. To the left of the artemisias are Buddleias, with their violet flowers, while the



PINK AND LAVENDER PHILOXERES

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pale-blue *Salvia azurea* flourishes to the right of the artemisia bloom. Below these three tall plants pale-pink zinnias create a delicate foreground for the taller group. Where the artemisias stand they are at their best; poplars back of them, before them groups of lower flowers or foliage. They have such space as allows them to spread till the plant is of a loose fan-shape. No pearls of orient would I take for the pearls of the artemisia, strung in creamy beauty along their delicate spraying stems. They have a grace unmatched by any other flowers of early September. I have long had this artemisia in the garden, but always too near other plants. Not till I saw this in my neighbor's charming beds did I realize its ultimate loveliness, the added beauty given it by perfect freedom. Its picture is shown opposite page 116 and again opposite page 246, where it appears beyond the double rose-pink poppy, whose seed I always save in quantity. Unfortunately, its graceful top is cut off in the first picture, but the pretty habit of growth and bloom is there. The sunflower open below it is of the very palest yellow; it is Sutton's Primrose Queen, an annual; and the cluster of lily-like bloom to the left is *Lycoris Squamigera*, in tones of lavender and of

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pink. To the right stalks and leaves of balsams, the camellia-flowered type, are seen, while to the extreme left is a lovely though failing spike of *Salvia sclarea*. The grouping of the three main flowers in the picture is distinctly good, and might be carried out in arrangements of three to five each, in almost any situation and against any rather flat background, with excellent effect.

Returning once more to a plant whose good qualities cannot be too often extolled, what other tall plant for our gardens has half the grace of habit of *Artemisia lactiflora*? Four of these are blooming now in our beds, transplanted to their present spots a year and a half ago. Two are at the east end of the garden, shaded from early sun by the bulk of the house. The others are at the western end, in full sun. The shaded ones are perhaps three feet tall, the others twice as high, all in full bloom. I had not counted on this great height for these last under any conditions. They are out of place where they stand towering too abruptly above phloxes; but the charm with which these great plants raise themselves into the air above their stockier neighbors is a thing to notice and record. The flower sprays are as delicate against a background of smooth privet and dark



ARTEMISIA LACTIFLORA WITH LYCORIS

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lilac leaves as the tracery of frost upon the window-pane in January. The color of the flowers, a greenish white, is lovely in itself. And for cutting, an association much to my liking is that of this artemisia with *Gladiolus primulinus* hybrids, or with one of these, new here this season, well named Tawny.

A lovely sequence of taller and lower plants is physostegia, phlox Mme. P. Dutrie, phlox Elizabeth Campbell, with flesh-pink balsams below and a sky-blue lobelia from Sutton's seed to finish the group. Somewhere to the left of these, *Lycoris squamigera*, which blooms, it is true, when the phloxes are a bit past their best, gives lovely neighboring color, with a great contrast in form of flower. The second bloom of my phloxes has been this year phenomenal — Antonin Mercie has such enormous florets and so many; Elizabeth Campbell has done as well; Tapis Blanc is again a mound of purest white. A September group is of pale-yellow calendulas' strata of bloom, with a dwarf flame-colored zinnia gaily holding forth before it, white phlox Mrs. Jenkins above, and nestling at the roots of the phlox a low second bloom of the fine lavender *Campanula latifolia*. Speaking of zinnias it may be noticed that Squa-

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drilli of Naples lists as many as sixty-one zinnias in this year's catalogue, this, of course, including not only varieties but colors. In connection with a certain double variety, the English language in this list is thus dealt with: "Perfect in respect of doubleness and colors; possesses not any more the stiffness blamed of the single-flowering varieties."

The time draws near when we must move to cover our treasures of geraniums. This is a flower, a plant, to which I am devotedly attached. Ours are now great plants with two to three foot stems. Four are sufficient to furnish one of the large Galloway terra-cotta pots familiar to most people to-day; the plants are six years old. The bold, angular outlines of their stems bear an amusing resemblance to an apple-tree; it may be partly that which gives me the pleasure I have in seeing them all summer on the wall of an open terrace which faces the orchard. There is the suggestion of correspondence or of repetition of line which gives such satisfaction to the eye. The method by which we keep the large geraniums from year to year may be worth remembering, for spreading geraniums such as these are to be had from no florist or plantsman. These are Mrs. E. G. Hill, the fine salmon-pink single. In late

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October we lift them from the large jars and pots separately; then into the west end of the dining-room a low window of seven lights they come, where they stand on shallow zinc trays with tiny drain-pipes at either end. Every visible leaf is stripped from each plant, and for the summer's beauty we live with these skeletons for six or seven weeks in their stark condition. The worst is that we breakfast, lunch, and dine beside them thus! Never were green leaves more of a solace than those in this window when December brings them. From that time on all is well, for the soft green foliage is agreeable all the winter through. Why do we not keep them in a cellar? Why do we not send them to a florist? For the very good reason that because they are precious one cannot take a risk. No bud but is pinched out as spring approaches; in May the plants are placed in their large pots and set out-of-doors on the wall; and by the middle of June they are like the geraniums of which one reads as in California, on the Riviera, or in Portugal, wonderfully gay with flowers at every point. In warmer climates the geranium is often trained to grow upright. I cannot but suggest allowing it from year to year its own full, rugged form. I believe we lose the

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best beauty of this fine thing by buying it as we do afresh each spring, a plant from a cutting, low, tiresome, fit only for the process of bedding-out. The broadly branching habit of the geranium when left to itself makes a little careful staking necessary in the windy positions in which we keep ours. But this can be done without stiffness or apparent use of the wood.

It is in early September, 1919, and in a dry season, that the garden looks actually frayed. Seed-pods on all sides, the tall phloxes have a specially unravelled look, but cosmos, pale calendulas, and other annuals need daily experiences with the shears if even a semblance of freshness is to be preserved. A few fine things are still to bloom. *Salvia azurea* is opening its perfect blue flowers. Here these stand above the late white phlox, Mrs. Jenkins, with nice effect. Aconites are in bud. The pure white althea Wm. R. Smith has opened its first bloom, and in the trial garden to-day I found leaning against *Campanula lemoinei*, var. Campanile, my own brilliant namesake in gladioli, the most interesting companions for each other.

September 26, 1920, and yet no frost; this year the garden is magnificent in color. The tall sprays of Wm. R. Smith hold out their moonlike

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blooms of white and those fat podlike buds. Very few flowers have a whiteness such as this. The texture of the flower is richer, too, than that of the whitest of white peonies. The loveliness of the dwarf dahlia (yellow) fronting violet petunias is quite indescribable too.

There is something soothing in the idea of flowering plants at rest. To-day I had a certain pleasure in watching the long, slender shadows of the flung-out canes of ramblers wreathing the dull wooden gates of the garden. Those vines still have a function to perform toward beauty, thought I. Still they lend interest and charm, though small green haws replace the rosy flowers of June. A light shower has fallen to-day, and the clean scent of phloxes, the delicate fragrance of petunias and of sweet alyssum rise upon the still autumnal air. The long shadows of half past four o'clock create delightful garden studies. Then is felt that dreaming stillness of a garden, which affects one as a thing ineffable.

October the 20th, and no frost still; and yet my garden blooms and yields to shears and basket. True, there are many browned or browning plants — dried poppies, loosestrifes, statices; but dwarf Rambler roses are as fresh as in June; zinnias keep

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steadily on and fill the garden with bright gleams; calendula, I can see from the little platform to-day, has many level strata of gold; violet petunias continue to throw forth long, arching branches of buds and flowers; ageratum and all the gray-leaved things give of their quiet beauty to the garden still; and late-sown candytufts, both mauve and white, are excellent in the beds. Grape leaves on the trellises are yellowing to their fall, elms are nearly bare; but lilacs are still leafy, all but some transplanted ones. These, whose leaves were stripped before transplanting and which were well watered afterward, are, to my consternation, not only making leaf and flower, but unfolding them. What shall be their end?

A season unheard of, this of 1920 — a season of summerlike weather almost to November. The smell of mignonette is in the air, the smell of apples as men pick all day the glorious fruit which is our apple harvest this year from the two acres around the house. And, as I sit in my garden, thinking, reading, writing, but, more than all, gazing, I feel that melancholy so perfectly tuned to words in stanzas at the head of this bit of writing. For weeks past we have thought each lovely day would be the last of its kind; now we know

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that this or this must be; yet, like Lear to the beloved daughter, we cry, "Stay a little." In associations of flowers with dear and pleasant people, in the memories that fall like lights or shadows across the garden's spaces, memories of those who were within it and are not, lies the garden's sweetest quality. It is a touching thing planned by the people of a village in Surrey, England, that Garden of Remembrance, as a war memorial to be made in the churchyard. "There is to be a yew hedge enclosing a plot of ground bordered with rosemary. Within there will be a memorial stone set in a rock garden in which brightly colored flowers will be kept."

A little wind rises; the rustle of drifting leaves is heard in the garden; the shadows lengthen over grass as green as April's. I look at these treasures of color and scent, at the green leaves, the charming mounds of plant and shrub, and feel that poignancy of regret, the attribute of the passing of all that is fair.

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VIII
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The harvest is half over already all around us; and so pure that not a poppy or cornflower is to be seen. . . . If Ceres, who is at least as old as many of our fashionable ladies, loves tricking herself out in flowers as they do, she must be mortified; and with more reason, for she looks well always with topknots of ultramarine and vermillion, which modern goddesses do not for half so long as they think they do.

—HORACE WALPOLE to the EARL OF STRAFFORD, Strawberry Hill, August 1, 1783.

VIII

OTHER FLOWERS

PARTS of this country are now, in August, like Holland in May, the time of tulips. Gay patchworks of color from the gladiolus fields are a not uncommon sight, and many hybrids are coming from interested amateurs, as well as from commercial growers. I sometimes think, in looking at our industrial cities and their people, of that old figure of the warp and woof of life; and if these people, many of them so weary, so cheap-looking, make up the warp of town life of our country, it is the sculptors, the poets, architects, and designers who brighten the fabric with threads of silver and of gold; it is the painters, the musicians, the planners of gardens, the growers and hybridizers of flowers who draw through that warp their threads of form and color. As I returned from the exhibition last summer of the American Gladiolus Society, I thought of what those growers and hybridizers are doing for the joy of their country. The lovely wares they deal in —

“I often wonder what the Vintners buy,
One half so precious as the stuff they sell”

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— the experiments with which they are constantly busy — are there any others besides painters, composers, poets, sculptors, who can give to Americans what these are giving? We need flowers. Every man, woman, and child of us is hungry for flowers. No man can grow or even sell flowers successfully unless he values them at more than money. But it is the hybridizer, the man or woman of gentleness and patience, of intelligence, perception, and deep love of the art that brings into this tapestry of life a lovely curious pattern through their own threads of color, a freshness of design only to be wrought by the creative mind.

As each midsummer comes and opportunity presents itself for sights of fields or shows or single specimens of the gladiolus, I wonder how interest can wander to any other flower than this. There is a magic in a subject which has such variants; there is fresh pleasure in each change of form, of color, of marking; and in these last years, as all the world of horticulture knows, the beauty of the gladiolus has increased tenfold through its hybridizers. I have elsewhere written of my penchant for the smoky or dusky hues in this flower, in Prince of India, for example; but not long since a great basket of gladiolus spikes was sent me for

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inspection, and of these I will now discourse for a little. A group of these gladioli in dusky tones reminds me, as I say, of Prince of India in color and texture; like old Genoese velvets in tones of faded rose, they are almost a mulberry, and have a bloom like the plum's. Among the most beautiful of these, sent me by Mr. Wing, of Mechanicsburg, Ohio, are the following, all Lemoine's: Nuée d'Orage, whose inner color is, according to the French chart, No. 105; Corinthian red, in Ridgway; outer color of edges—French chart, 189-4; Ridgway, bishop's violet. This flower is finely named. Blériot has somewhat the same coloring, but there is some sulphur-yellow in the lower petals. This gladiolus is a beauty, and has an uncommonly large flower. Colosse, as its name would imply, is the largest of this dusky rose group. Here we find long petals in a widely opened flower, very handsome and distinct. Closely related to this in color is Admiral Cervera, very dull in tone, ashes of roses really, as in a fabric, with one cream-white lower petal tipped with dull rose. Desdemona, Carmelite, show veinings of soft violet on the dull rose of their petals; Marocain, heavily suffused with violet on deep rose, and Deuil de St. Pierre, a beautiful faded-

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rose flower, smoked as one might say with dull lavender, complete a group of flowers, the work of the great artist of Lorraine. Diane is a delicious flower, white, very elegant of form, with a sulphur-yellow throat; Marquis de Canif has the markings of a white carnation, with carmine flakes at the edge of the fine white petals, and a suffusion of sulphur-yellow in the throat. This flower is of remarkable beauty, and one of its attractions lies in its broadly frilled edges. Platon is one of the bright, rosy mauves, an immense and lovely flower, pale sulphur-yellow again in the throat here. In Charles Berthier is a lighter tone of the same hue, a pure magenta. Here we find a frilled and flaked edge, the flakes of the same color, but darker. Great elegance of form is a characteristic of all these flowers. They sit their stems as lightly as a bird the bough.

Two very pale, cool pinks, superbly marked, are Lutetia and L'Innocence. Why the last should be so named is a mystery, except for the deep blush accompanying the quality in old romances. The flower is of a cool blush-pink with dazzling flakes of Tyrian rose, French chart 155, at the edge of all flowers. This is a much-marked gladiolus, and extremely striking. Lutetia has an immense indi-

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vidual flower, much paler than L'Innocence, with an exceedingly delicate suffusion of sulphur-yellow in the interior of each bloom.

Antoinette is almost like a lovely ice upon one's plate; it really looks as though it might have the flavor of a peach. Creamy white within, its petals turn at the ends to salmon carmine, French chart 125-1; a most delicious gladiolus this is. To neighbor Antoinette in the garden, for a total contrast, here is Beauté de Juillet, a small flower of wonderful proportions, whose colors are indescribably lovely. In the French chart the principal hue is 125-1, with stripes and flakes of a dark color, which looks almost violet against its vivid background; the whole, one thinks, must be made of velvet — it cannot be a living flower. Others are General Kuropatkin, a very fine dark-red flower, French chart 161, all tones; very fine in combination or for contrast with this flower is Sans Pareil, a wondrous flower of flame-pink, or rich light-coral pink, French chart 125, all tones. This has a cream-white throat and white anthers with pink stigma. Belle Alliance is rarely beautiful — its flowers are not large; the upper petals are pinkish white, suffused toward the tips with light carmine overlaid with pale violet; the three

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lower petals are distinguished by unusual color in very distinct markings. The tips of these petals are of violet petunia, No. 2 in the French chart. Colibri is a flower of many lovely tones of mauve and violet; on the three inner petals are central markings of yellowish cream-color. This gladiolus is not large, but unique in color. The darkest part of the petals — that is, toward the edge — is of the hue named in the French chart as violet pourpre No. 1, lighter toward the centre. The whole flower, however, is so veined and touched with mauve and violet as to be difficult to characterize or describe. Baronne d'Ivoly is a lovely white, touched with sulphur with as many as nine flowers open along a twisting stalk. This gladiolus is very charming, both in form and substance. A planting of the dusky rose gladioli named a few paragraphs back would be well accompanied in the border by these others in the order now given: Emile Antoine, Souboutai, Triton, Aristophane. This brings us, by way of those last named, through a series of magnificent and ever-brightening rose-colors to all the tones called by Ridgway, bright rosy scarlet, French chart 124. What a surprise awaits the gardener who will thus scheme for the pleasure of the eye! Harking

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back to Antoinette, I find a note recording her excellent appearance in combination with phlox Elizabeth Campbell; and ageratum is also charming with this gladiolus. With Assuerus, too, one of the loveliest of all these French varieties, ageratum is particularly good; a planting of phlox Braga, with ageratum of a tall kind before it and gladiolus Assuerus intermingled with both flowers or grouped to right or to left, is an arrangement I am not at all afraid to suggest. And another beauty in these gladioli is Roi Alexandre, very interesting with spiral mignonette.

Another group sent from Ohio by Mrs. Austin, of Wayland, gave me great pleasure, too. Evelyn Kirtland, well known, I believe, is a flower of great beauty — French chart, all tones of 126, but mainly the first one on that page. Herada is of the hue set down in the same chart as violet évêque, but brighter — No. 189. With Evelyn Kirtland, the comparatively new sweet pea Old Rose is delightful, out of doors or in; and with Herada, violet petunias, and the mauve physostegia, one might form a picture truly entrancing. Three gladioli together too, unusually good with each other from the point of view of color, are Evelyn Kirtland, Herada, and Bertrex.

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At the time these beauties came from Ohio, others made their welcome appearance from Vaughan's gladiolus fields, which are not far from us in Michigan. And first let me mention three or four seedlings: No. 129 is one of the largest, purest white gladioli one could imagine; in fact, the finest white I have ever seen; No. 17, a lilylike bloom of pale blush-pink — Ridgway, *hermosa* pink; French chart, 153-1, or paler. This is a large flower, very upright in habit, with markings of purple so far down the throat that they are not visible. Seedling 64, French chart, 169 all tones, Ridgway, Tyrian pink, is exceedingly imposing, a clear, rosy magenta flower, very large and fine. One central lower petal has a cream-white inner blotch; No. 23 is a rose-pink flower of great size and startling beauty — a very large flower, white ground with splashes of violet rose, in Ridgway; French chart, 154-1. Owosso is a deeper yellow than Schwaben, with some frillings at its edges — a lovely variety, practically a clear tone with no markings. When I saw gladiolus Mrs. O. B. Campbell for the first time I thought it precisely like a magnificent zonal pelargonium. This flower is not large, but of velvety texture, bright rosy scarlet, I should call it; Ridgway has it scarlet-red

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and rose dorée, and the French chart 124-4. The round markings on the lower petals of these gorgeous flowers are of a purple almost black. Here is a marvel for our gardens, so vivid that all it needs is to be allowed to bloom below *Artemisia lactiflora*, or among early cream-white chrysanthemums, to create a true horticultural sensation.

Other varieties that were particularly fine, these all named, were Myrtle, a flower of a lovely color, all the tones of 153 in the French chart, and in Ridgway, hermosa and La France pink; Chicago Salmon, superb in form and color, Ridgway, begonia rose, and French chart 124, all tones, also 125; Schwaben, very well known and deservedly so, a fine pale-yellow gladiolus, a large, well-opened flower, violet blotches in the throat, though very far back. This gladiolus is very fine grown or cut in combination with mauves, or with *primulinus* hybrids. Attraction is of the color called by Ridgway spectrum red and begonia rose; in the French chart 121, all tones. Attraction has a wonderful open throat of waxy white. It possesses very fine, even dazzling flowers, growing far apart on the stalk, the latter very strong and tall. Out of three fine *primulinus* hybrids in the rich flame, copper, and yellow of that tribe, I should

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say that seedling 502 is the finest. The others are Alice Tiplady and Regulus. No. 502 has a depth of color which reminds one of certain Brazilian butterflies. Apricot-yellow, rose, scarlet, all these shades are caught in this flower and blended in one fiery glow. To conclude this group, Vaughan's seedling No. 6 is a flower of tremendous interest to me; Ridgway calls this flower peach-red; the French chart shows it in plate 88, all tones; the blotch on its throat is Ridgway, oxblood red, French chart 95-4. This is, I believe, the most striking gladiolus I have ever seen, six flowers open at one time. Its color is of Oriental magnificence, its rich hues and velvet texture remarkable. Also the flower is well opened, my only criticism being that the flowers may be set too close to each other along the stem. The name of this glory in gladioli is Martha Washington. It reminds one of Lemoine's Beauté de Juillet, but this is more scarlet and brown, while that is vivid rose-pink, with velvety carmine blotches.

From yet another source, from fields at Mount Clemens, Michigan, arrived a generous basket of cut blooms of gladioli. Among these I found a group of most excellent whites — Wisconsin, L'Immaculée, Utah, and Maine, a wonderful purity in

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this last. Roem Von Kemmerland was a great beauty, French chart 157, all shades. This gladiolus reminded me of an old favorite, Rosella. Its color was delicious, its flower very large and effective. La Grandesse was one of the loveliest of all, a clear, warm pink. The flowers were large and boldly frilled. This is a splendid flower. Its color in the French chart is mauve rose, 153, the palest tones. A trio of gladioli which, according to my notes made on seeing them for the first time, would take any prize anywhere, used together, either cut or planted, is made up of Chris, Loveliness, and Liss. Liss, French chart 142, is of a fine, lively pink, something like a darker edition of Tracy's Dawn, which I have always liked. Loveliness has for its color a very pale pink, palest buff within its flowers; it is a large, well-opened flower of unusual charm. Chris is a rich flower of velvety texture, not large but effective. Goliath is a glorious dark flower, French chart 170-4, very wide-open and deep in color. Goliath, Radium, and Illinois look well with each other. Of Radium I must say one word. It is a lovely flower. When freshly opened it is white, suffused with pale pink, pale yellow in the throat, with a carmine blotch below. As it ages the upper petals

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and outside turn to a delicious pink, exactly reproduced by the French chart in 120-1. Illuminator, seen at the Detroit Gladiolus Show, is a flower of great splendor — splendor of color first, a glowing crimson scarlet, and, as I remember it, it is, when held against the light, like some ruby-tinted wine.

Many others there were in this wondrous basket of flowers which should receive mention here, but time and space forbid. I should like, however, to name a group of fine scarlets, so good that one could hardly single one out from the others: Clear Eye, Electra, Mrs. Vos, Pride of Hillegom, General Joffre, Johannesfeuer, Mrs. Neldhuys, Fair King, and Evening Red. A glowing flower was Majestic, rouge grenadine in the French chart. Wilbrink is very unusual and fine in its effect; a good lavender was Mr. Mark; other lavenders are Catherine, Ewbank, and the familiar Blue Jay. I hear, also, that Louise is a fine acquisition to those of this color.

I have grown for several years now some of the beauties from Decorah, Iowa, the work in hybridizing of two devoted men who started as amateurs. Although I occasionally share the fate of most gardeners in losing track of sources as of

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labels, I think it was from Decorah that there came a gladiolus of surpassing beauty, Salvator Rosa. In color here were three distinct tones of pink, given in Ridgway as begonia-rose, eosine-rose, and hermosa-pink; in the French chart general tone 124-1, also 123-1, with deeper tones on lower petals, 120-3, 4, and 119-3, 4. The three colors as mentioned by Ridgway were shown in this flower as straight above each other, with a throat of carmine. Certainly, this marvellous old-rose gladiolus (and possibly its name is Old Rose — I am not certain of anything except the fact of its superb beauty) is one of the finest blooms I have ever seen. Its color is remarkably rich and unusual, and it carries its very large flowers on a stalk of singular uprightness and substance. Montezuma, French chart 156-4, for its general tone cannot be denied mention. Its color in Ridgway is pomegranate purple, a color-name pretty enough to commend it anywhere; it is a superb flower, practically self-colored, very tall, and with large blooms. I noticed that the new sweet pea, Hawlmark Pink, was charming with this gladiolus.

We speak of the clematis; and immediately we think of climbing things — of *C. paniculata*,

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C. montana, perhaps of *C. tangutica* the new beauty from China with its small, clear yellow flowers; or we recall some of the large-flowered clematises that we know, such as the purple *C. Jackmanni*, the charming pinkish-lavender *C. Jackmanni* Mme. Edouard André, the two shown garlanding the arch in the illustration facing page 90. But how seldom do we think of the *Davidiana* type — the bush or low-growing shrubby clematises which may have become fairly numerous and so beautiful in the hands of M. Lemoine. One I must describe here, given me some years ago by Mr. W. C. Egan, to whom I owe so many fine things for the garden. This is *Clematis Lemoinei campanile*. The beauty of this flower is well-nigh indescribable. Three years of it in this garden have now brought it to full beauty, and a cluster of it is before me now in a crystal vase with, most appropriately, a few sprays of phlox W. C. Egan. Impossible it is to conceive of a lovelier effect in flower decoration than this. The clematis so aptly, beautifully named is some three feet high, the flowers produced typically from the axils of the leaves except for a long, loose terminal raceme which actually towers above the topmost leaves. These flowers, like the florets of a hyacinth, are

OTHER FLOWERS

of the tones in Ridgway's plate No. XXIV from pallid grayish violet-blue to deep chicory-blue with tips of deep dull bluish violet. The pointed buds are of a medium tone of lavender-blue and the length of one branch of flowers is at least a foot. Anything more delicately lovely than this new herbaceous plant cannot be imagined. Its fragrance too commends it, again like a hyacinth in this. For a space where white or pale color may be desired for May and late August, may I suggest an interplanting of this beauty from Nancy with that delicious shrub, *Viburnum carlesii*, both hardy with me through the severest test of all cold weather, the winter of 1917-18? Clematis Campanile needs careful staking; its flower clusters are heavy and quickly bear down the delicate branches to the ground. Mr. Arnold Forster, writing on these less familiar clematises in "The Garden," mentions clematis Cypris as a remarkably fine member of the group. "It is surprising how seldom one sees Lemoine's beautiful hybrids of *C. Davidiana*. Some of them are most valuable in the border or in association with shrubs, having at once rare and subtle color and delightful scent. The newest sorts, Campanile and Oiseau Bleu, which are derived from *C. stans*, do not seem to

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me to be as good as some of the older sorts, such as Cypris; during the three or four seasons in which I have grown them they have never made anything like such a fine effect as one had expected from an illustration in Lemoine's catalogue. Perhaps the plants want a rather different treatment from what I have given them; they are evidently semi-scandent in habit. Cypris, on the other hand, is sufficiently erect to need little or no staking. The flowers are much more beautiful in shape and have a smell something like that of cowslips. The silvered blue of the flower clusters is too subtle a color for association with violent yellow, such as that of the helianthus, but with the pale, clean yellow of a good hybrid of *Gladiolus primulinus* it is very happy."

Let us leave this fascinating subject after mention of a new clematis recommended by Mr. Egan, but which I do not know. It is clematis Ina Dwyer, originating in the gardens of and for sale by E. F. Dwyer & Sons, of Lynn, Massachusetts. A two-inch flower, of white "shaded to blue on the edges and tips of petals" (but more probably a lavender or purple than a blue—I have learned to be wary where mention of blue is concerned), with an immense number of



A GARLAND OF CLEMATIS

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OTHER FLOWERS

flowers to each stem, a strong grower, and blooming in August, this clematis should be given a trial. All of these clematises should be tried in our gardens. New varieties, old varieties, all will lend a beauty either delicate or bold, as we ourselves intend and arrange, to other plant-groupings. Mr. Rothe says that all the herbaceous clematises may be raised from spring-sown seed, or, as I know from my experience, by division in spring and autumn. Sun they must have, and, to quote Mr. Rothe, "all thrive best in rather light high ground." Clematis on a wall beyond lupines, clematis among gladioli—there are countless suggestions for the use of this beautiful subject. Here one can only touch upon it; but its perfect beauty is such that one turns easily to the thought of general finish and perfection in a garden, and that permits the introducing here of what should sum up any discussion of fine individual plant-subjects, their effective use in a good garden.

I write now of the immediate surroundings and of the small garden of a *villino* that I have lately seen for the first time. To my surprise, it was from a rocky point that the house lifted itself against the sky. I had not heard that it stood upon a cliff. Up a flight of stone steps I went;

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then, turning to the right sharply, my eye was held by a delicious wrought-iron gate, lightness itself, with birds, flowers, and an initial letter gracefully outlined; along a terrace walk then, passing on the left another stone stairway to a third level. The notable thing about these steps was the use in pots, set on every step, of *Phlox Drummondii* Chamois Rose, slender plants in full bloom, lightly staked to keep them upright. A magical effect of decorative color this was, a thing to commend where surroundings make it suitable.

A little revelation of beauty lay in wait for me at the end of a stroll among barberry bushes on a rocky knoll not far from the house; we came upon a narrow shady walk, locusts closely planted on either side. At the farther end of this, without other warning than the formal lines of small trees just mentioned, one of the loveliest imaginable of little walled gardens burst upon my delighted eye. Here was the element of surprise beloved of the good landscape architect, that element which plays alike upon the mind of the statesman and the school-girl, and gives pleasure to both. A garden of low plants, a garden of perfect edges and greensward — to sum up, the garden of an artist. The centre of this garden is a round of

OTHER FLOWERS

smooth turf. This is flanked by two narrow semi-circular beds, in which, on August 7, delicate serried masses (if one may combine those two words) of annual larkspur were in bloom. Only violet and lavender were used. Four other beds at corners held perfect rose-plants, pink Druschki, I think. These were not closely planted; one could see the drawing of the rose-bush and its lovely bloom against the well-tilled soil. And at one corner of each rose-bed was the original and fascinating addition, used as accents, of a fine rounded specimen of lemon verbena. Of course, the first idea here must have been the convenience of its position, but it looked well too, and I said to myself, and have so often thought since — if all gardeners would only do more as they want to do! The owners of this garden wish to gather lemon verbena as they pluck their roses — what more natural than to grow one beside the other? But the actual inability to do anything wrong in gardening *via* architecture, is given to but few. The possessors of this garden are blessed above women in having a sixth sense of absolute fitness, and instinctively they used the plant they wanted in such a fashion as to make its presence right.

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In my interest in this detail, however, so simple, venturesome, and successful, I have forgotten to complete the description of the garden itself. Remember that the centre of this garden has violet, lavender, and white as its only colors: that fine dark-leaved roses spread away from those. Now around all the garden are tall rows of *Aconitum Wilsonii*, in full stately bloom of purple, of that blue-purple found in old enamels. What went before all these violets and lavenders in this garden I do not know. I am ignorant as to what is to come after. But the picture of quiet beauty left with me on that August day will remain; a sober loveliness, a quiet use of some of the best flowers, a grave harmony of color only to be achieved by those who have loved and studied and sought beauty always.

IX

**BRIGHT-BERRIED GROWTH FOR
THE WINTER GARDEN**

In truth our climate is so bad that instead of filling our gardens with buildings, we ought rather to fill our buildings with gardens as the only way of enjoying the latter.
—HORACE WALPOLE to the REVEREND WM. MASON,
Strawberry Hill, May 9, 1772.

IX

BRIGHT-BERRIED GROWTH FOR THE WINTER GARDEN

ON an October day, black wind-clouds in the distance, a ray of sunlight suddenly breaks upon a mass of almost leafless sweetbrier, sweet honeysuckle entwined among its thorns. The boughs of the brier are hung with scarlet haws which glow against the dark-gray background of the sky and cheer the gardener with the thought that though green may have departed other color remains. The barberries of various varieties produce, with their single or clustering berries of scarlet, a like effect; and a tiny shrub, new this year to me and in its infancy, being now but ten inches high, is beautiful beyond description in its berried state. This is *Cotoneaster bullata*, far less formidable and more charming than its name would imply.

And now the glorious bronze foliage of *Rosa lucida* is a treasure. Its use with dull-pink hardy chrysanthemums, or, if frost shall have spared them, with the scarlet dahlia, is a thing to re-

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member, to count upon as the season of fewer flowers advances and autumn comes on. Who of us that gardens does not think regretfully of the fact that while we live in a world of scarlet and gold the glory around us must soon give way to the depredations of "leaf-picking winds" and autumn rains and that shortly little but bare boughs shall be our portion? It is then that we look about for some consoling hint of color in our borders. It is then that we say sadly to ourselves: "Why have I not set a bit of red-fruited shrubbery there or here!" Long after Christmas in our severest northern climate we may enjoy the garden or the shrubberies from the standpoint of color, but not without a forehanded knowledge of what to plant to secure winter effect as well as how to distribute our subjects when setting them in place.

The wind-swept desolate look in winter of many of the smaller younger cities and towns of our country makes entirely suitable a short discussion of our needs in this direction. In spring and summer the enthusiast in out-of-door work is in a trance of pleasure in the beauty all about him; in autumn the rich possessions which are his on every side in hues of scarlet, green, and purple

BRIGHT-BERRIED GROWTH

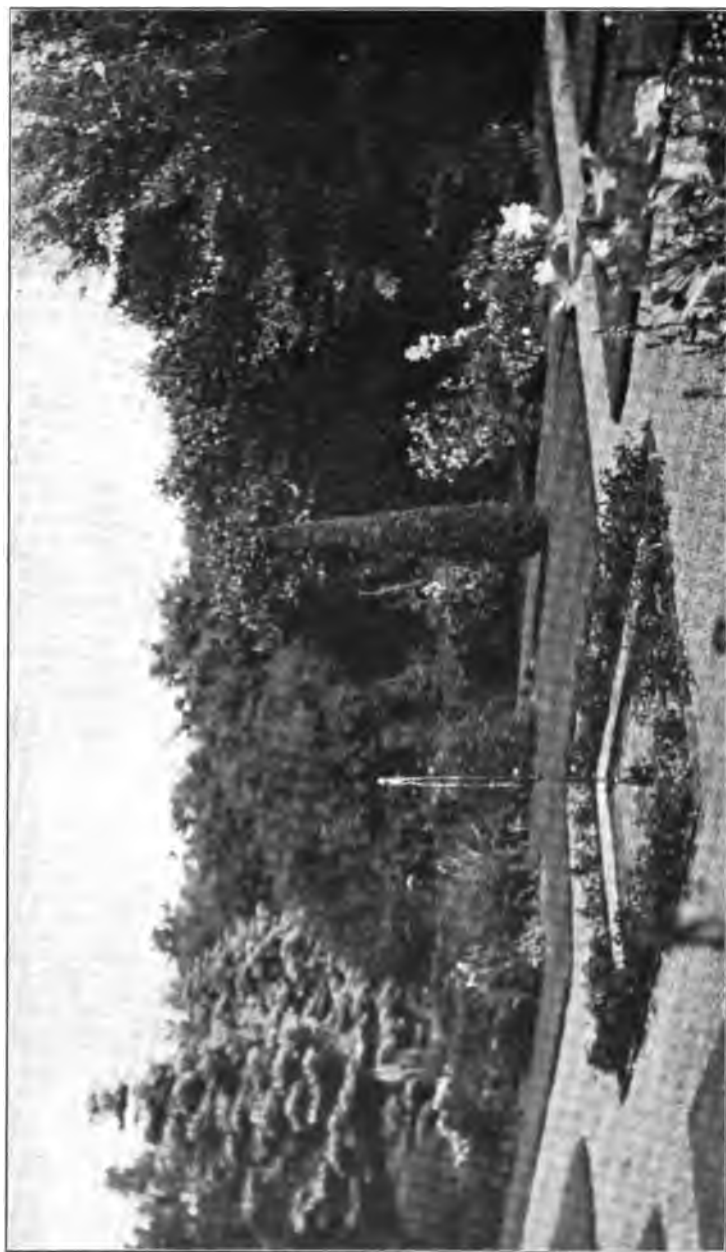
quite occupy his eye and mind. It occurs to none of us to do more than enjoy the seasons as they come. All at once — November, the leafless tree, a few snowflakes in the air! We rouse ourselves to actualities. We look out of window at our lot, small or large as it may be, we gaze down the road, street, or avenue, and in a flash we know that like Adam and Eve in Eden we are naked. Our neighbors' houses, garages, stables, become our intimate and outstanding objects of vision. There is room, much room, in our country for a better understanding of the matter of structural green; and by structural green I mean the enclosings, the walls of foliage, the screens of leafy things which we must erect before anything really lovely and finished can take place within. I sometimes think that most of us begin at the wrong end of gardening. We start with flowers. Like children the brightness is our desire. But as time passes, we shall surely come to realize that backgrounds, enclosings, in short, that plans, are the starting-points of all good gardens.

After some sort of green or evergreen background shall have been attained comes naturally the decorative idea, the planting against ever-

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greens, against a summery expanse of rich green for contrast of form and color. For summer from what myriads of subjects we may choose! But for winter? Another story? Yes and no; for, while we have many already, the list of shrubs and smaller trees, and of creepers too, with evergreen or nearly evergreen foliage, of trees and shrubs with vari-colored bark, with fruits of bright hues, is, thanks to the Arnold Arboretum and to Mr. E. H. Wilson, its distinguished collector, rapidly increasing.

The matter of the better-known shrubs with decorative fruits it is not necessary here to consider at any great length. *Viburnums*, the *symphoricarpos*, the older barberries, *vulgaris* and *Thunbergii*, are so familiar that attention hardly needs to be drawn to them. I may even dare to say that the over-use in certain communities of these fine things, the stupid copying by one after another of the same shrubs arranged in the same fashion has become too common. This was all very well when shrub-planting first became general in America, say twenty years ago; it is well still in smaller communities; it is decidedly not well in suburbs and in the lesser cities where money is not so much of a consideration and where variety



A MYRTLE-BORDERED POOL

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BRIGHT-BERRIED GROWTH

is so much to be desired. Is it not a fact that in certain suburbs of Chicago, for example, the over-use of the barberry is noticeable? The same holds true in certain suburbs of Boston. A fine thing done to death is a pity — and this condition usually obtains because of a lack of observation on the part of property-owners.

To some of my more sedate or settled readers it may seem odd that I should so often dwell upon the newer varieties of flower and shrub, and particularly of shrub. "How," they may cry, "and why should people of middle age concern themselves with the planting of that which they can scarcely hope to see in its full maturity?" And this question indeed has been discussed lately in the columns of certain journals devoted to gardening and the larger forms of horticulture. "In my own experience," says one writer — "and I meet a good many keen gardeners — I find that the longer a man has been interested in gardening, the more his attention centres around trees and shrubs." On speaking of this to one of the best-informed horticultural men I have ever met, he said that this was undoubtedly the case. For, as one grows older and keenness diminishes for other forms of active exercise, so does one's inter-

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est in permanent features of the garden increase. To plant is a pleasure of the activity of youth; to watch the development is a joy of the inactivity of age. Says another: "While money and energy will advance most worldly concerns, these are minor considerations in the matter of a shrub. Money and energy may start a fine piece under perfect conditions, but they will not hasten its growth. Shrubs, in fact, are simply no good to an old man in a hurry. If you are over sixty years of age, stick to the herbaceous border, orchids, and fruit; indeed, forty-five is none too early to begin growing shrubs. But you will find the pursuit worth while, for, though shrubs offer no intellectual excitement, they furnish quite an intelligent pastime and may serve to gladden the leisure of a busy man, or even to keep an idle one out of mischief — provided the worthless individual can be grafted with proper ardor for frutescent things."

A garden, be it of flowers or shrubs, is the province of hope. To the true lover of gardening there is no winter of discontent — only a winter of three or four short months, full to the brim with expectancy, and with thankfulness for time to study, to plan, to think on summer. Indeed,

BRIGHT-BERRIED GROWTH

as I have always thrust from me the idea of even a tiny glass-house as being too much of a temptation and distraction in winter, so am I almost but *not quite* inclined not to urge the use of the delightful newer shrubs for winter effect upon the gardener who seeks the peace which only comes after the first frost, the gardener "whose ungarnished sheaves are past the help of burlap."

A trial garden for shrubs — here is the needed thing. "The trial garden," writes Mr. Jacob in "The Garden," "deliberately planned, is a rare thing to find. Yet if one wishes to insure a harmonious blending of the occupants of his beds and borders, no suggestion can be more practical. There under our own eye we may see samples of everything that seeks for admission, and we can note its shade or tone of color and its appearance were this or that its bedfellow." Nothing could now prove more valuable for the American amateur horticulturist than the establishment, where there is inclination plus the necessary space, of a trial garden for the little-known shrubs from western China now available for American winter effect.

Some years since a highly interesting list of shrubs and shrublike trees was published in one

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of our horticultural periodicals, a list of groups according to the color of fruit. The list, which I am kindly permitted to quote, runs thus:

SHRUBS WITH SCARLET FRUITS

Pyracantha coccinea.
Berberis Thunbergii, *sibirica*, and *vulgaris*.
Benzoin æstivale.
Celastrus articulatus, *scandens*.
Ilex verticillata, *opaca*, and *lævigata*.
Lonicera bella, var. *albida* and var. *candida*.
Lonicera Ruprechtiana.
Rosa rugosa, *multiflora* and *setigera*.
Rhus typhina.
Symphoricarpos orbiculatus.

SHRUBS WITH YELLOW FRUITS

Cydonia japonica and *Maulei*.
Hippophæ rhamnoides.
Ilex verticillata, var. *fructu-lutea*.
Melia Azedarach.
Viburnum Opulus xanthocarpum.

SHRUBS WITH GRAY FRUITS

Clethra alnifolia.
Cornus candidissima.
Eleagnus angustifolia.
Myrica cerifera.

SHRUBS WITH WHITE FRUITS

Symphoricarpos racemosa and *occidentalis*.

BRIGHT-BERRIED GROWTH

SHRUBS WITH ORANGE FRUITS

Citrus trifoliata.
Cydonia japonica.
Crataegus orientalis.
Ilex aquifolium, var. *fructo-aurantiaca*.
Lonicera Morrowi.
Pyracantha coccinea, var. *Lebaudi*.
Rosa pendulina, *arkansana*, *acicularis* and *blanda*.
Sapindus marginatus.

BLUE AND BLuish FRUITS

Callicarpa purpurea, *americana*, and *japonica*.
Cornus sanguinea.
Juniperus virginiana.
Berberis japonica and *aquifolium*.
Viburnum nudum and *dentatum*.

BLACK FRUITS

Crataegus Douglasi and *nigra*.
Ligustrum vulgare, *ibota*, and *Regelianum*.
Sambucus Canadensis.
Viburnum rufidulum and *lentago*.
Rhamnus cathartica and *dahurica*.

CREEPERS WITH WINTER FRUIT

Cocculus carolinus, bright red berries all winter.
Celastrus scandens and *paniculatus* (yellow and red).
Euonymus radicans (yellow and red).
Gaultheria procumbens (scarlet).
Lycium halimifolium and *chinense* (red).
Mitchella repens (red).
Rhus toxicodendron (gray).

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The profusion of bright color here set forth is surely enough to cause even a hurried amateur to look closely into it.

Besides these fruiting things whose color is persistent, there are among the viburnums berries which change their color, according to a short note upon the subject lately read. The following sorts change from green to black only: *Viburnum acerifolium*, *dentatum*, *prunifolium*, *pubescens*, and *lentago*. Those changing from green to red, then to black or blue-black are *cassinoides*, *lantana*, *lantanoides*, *nudum*, *Sieboldii*, and *tomentosum*. Then there are some that simply turn from green to red such as *dilatatum*, *opulus*, and *Wrightii*. All that change from red to black are very ornamental, because all the berries on a cluster do not change at the same time; hence there is a pretty combination of the red and black berries appearing on the same cluster. *Cassinoides* is notable for this. *Viburnum dilatatum*, *V. Opulus*, and *V. Wrightii* hold their fruits all winter. *Viburnum lentago* grows into a very tall shrub. Its fruits are oval, bluish black, with a certain bloom upon them. They hang upon the trees till spring.

Has ever shrub been found to exceed the bar-

BRIGHT-BERRIED GROWTH

berry tribe in the abundance of fruit produced? None except perhaps the *Loniceras* or bush honeysuckles; and while their berries are wonderful for bright profuseness and those of *Lonicera Maackii*, var. *podocarpa*, that finest of all bush honeysuckles, garnish the branches far into the time of cold, surely the barberries and cotoneasters are the two which best defy the winter storms. As for the new Chinese barberries, they will be, I predict, if anything more used than the Japanese. "*Berberis Wilsonæ*," writes one who grows and knows it, "has been most welcome to the landscape-gardener. It can be used in several positions with advantage, and it produces effect the first season after planting."

But besides the snowberries, viburnums, and barberries the better-known fruiting shrubs for winter beauty are the privets and the roses. Throughout December and even later may be found the beautiful blue-black clusters of small fruits upon Regel's privet (*Ligustrum Regelianum*) as well as upon the common privet (*Ligustrum vulgare*). And among the roses may be mentioned the large black haws of *Rosa spinosissima*, the vivid scarlet ones of *Rosa lucida*, and the charming clustered berries of *Rosa setigera*, the Michigan

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Rose, which, with me, gleam against arbor-vitæ all through the time of snow. These clusters hang from drooping stems of lovely purple-brown, the fruit is of a very bright orange-scarlet, and the whole effect of bough and berry too most brilliant and gay. *Rosa setigera* is never better placed than against some dark evergreen such as arbor-vitæ or red cedar. Rose and cedar, cedar and thorn — these are invariably interesting companionships.

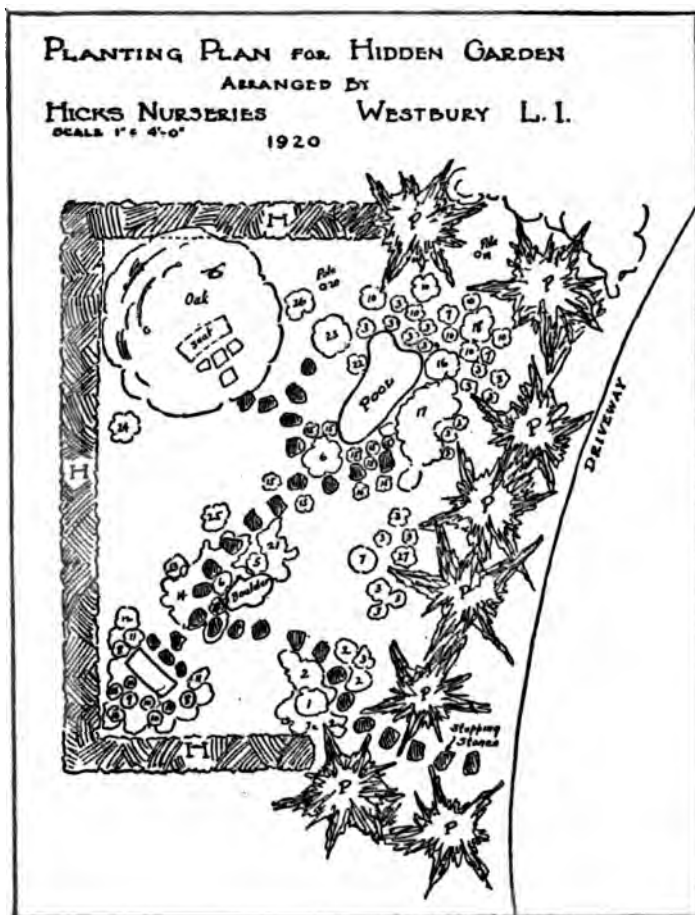
That remarkable red-berried evonymus, the variety called *vegetus*, is certainly destined to a great future in this country. Doctor Wilhelm Miller wrote of it with his wonted enthusiasm some four years ago as the coming ivy for America, *the* evergreen creeper to use as ivy is used in England. My own specimens of this valuable thing are young as yet; but all the beauty ascribed to them I already easily imagine. A fine round leaf of a lighter green color than that of *Evonymus radicans*, an alertly branching habit which gives promise of quick and graceful growth, and a scarlet fruit (or probably orange-scarlet, as it is said to resemble that of the common bittersweet) which in the severest winter will not desert the parent stem — what could an enthusiast ask

BRIGHT-BERRIED GROWTH

further as a lovely garnishment for his walls or piers for winter? Those glorious fruits of the black swamp-alder, bright scarlet beads along brown stems, which occasionally light up the snowy December landscape in Michigan, set one's thought at once to a cheerful Christmas tune. The fruits of this fine evergreen vine for America will, when they are known, do the same for the individual householder. "Evergreen it is," says Doctor Miller, easy to grow (perfectly hardy in the latitude of Boston), wonderful in its winter fruit, and "it promises to develop a strong American character."

The graceful sprays of the snowberry, however, bring to my mind the fact that these same fruits used in early September for cutting with lavender and rich purple annual asters are surprisingly good. In this connection it occurs to me, too, that between these snowberry bushes a plenteous use of hardy asters in taller and more dwarf varieties should produce a satisfying late September and early October effect. A lovely picture lately noticed, of a beautiful white-berried shrub, is of *Pernettya mucronata*. Sad to say this shrub is not hardy in the northern part of America — I mention it here because its photograph turned

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BRIGHT-BERRIED GROWTH

PLANTING LIST FOR A WINTER GARDEN BY HICKS AND SONS PRIVET HEDGE AND TALL PINES MAKE THIS A HIDDEN GARDEN AS WELL AS A WINTER GARDEN		
KEY	QUANTITY	NAME
1	1	<i>Picea excelsa</i> inoveral.
2	20	Hay scented Fern
3	20	<i>Leucothoe Catesbaei</i>
4	1	<i>Pieris floribunda</i>
5	1	<i>Andromeda japonica</i>
6	2	Juniper [trailing]
7	3	<i>Cotoneaster divaricata</i>
8	2	Blue Cedars
9	1	Holly
10	14	Laurel
11	2	<i>Azalea indica alba</i>
12	1	<i>Enkianthus campanulatus</i>
13	1	<i>Pinus parviflora</i>
14	18	<i>Evonymus kewensis</i>
15	10	<i>Helianthus</i>
16	1	Dwarf Pine
17	20	<i>Evonymus radicans</i>
18	1	Japanese Flowering Cherry [pink]
19	1	Purple Wisteria
20	1	<i>Clematis paniculata</i>
21	20	Lily of the Valley
22	1	Daphne
23	1	<i>Pyrus Lalandii</i>
24	1	<i>Retinospora obtusa gracilis</i>
25	1	<i>Retinospora obtusa nana</i>
26	1	<i>Viburnum dilatatum</i>
27	1	<i>Cotoneaster Zabelli</i>
Add to the above the following bulbs - Narcissus in variety. Japanese lilies. crocuses, Tulips. Anemones. Winter aconites Christmas roses, etc.		

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my thoughts at once to the snowberry; yet this dwarf evergreen bush, pernettya, with its thick clusters of waxen fruits, must be a thousand times more beautiful than the symphoricarpos. The pernettya is a smaller bush, in fact of dwarf habit. Its fruits, in the picture referred to, remind one of those marvellous flowers of the lovely gray-leaved shrub Zenobia whose clustering bloom once seen cannot be forgotten.

And speaking of the snowberry, it is again most perfect seen back of a planting of *Berberis Thunbergii*, with the glorious *Mahonia aquifolium* showing in its glossy leaves not only tones of green but tones of purple-bronze as well. A fine company, these shrubs together, and a lovely December effect with white and scarlet berries and the holly-like mahonia foliage.

Since I write on the general topic of the adornment of the home landscape for winter, why may I not give a word to a marvel of a shrub whose flowers in the latitude of Boston appear in February—yes, in mid-February! This is the Japanese witch-hazel. Fancy a shrub coming into bloom in what is often the coldest of our winter months, sending forth little yellow flowers along the length of its branches, flowers which neither

BRIGHT-BERRIED GROWTH

snow nor frost seem to affect. Is not this a thing to long for?

To close this chapter I am fortunate in showing here a delightful plan for a hidden and winter garden, together with a few sentences and a bit of poetry from this garden's owner. These carry the idea in the foregoing paragraphs to a high and lovely plane.

"I have planted this garden mostly with light blue delphinium and white speciosum lilies — and mean to plant as thickly as possible along these colors, possibly later a few yellow speciosums. But at the extreme end, half shadowed by pine-trees are my peacocks, in a very large cage. They sit in the sun, and one looks down the path of stepping-stones, very blue in color, and the gleaming neck of the peacock seems to catch the light from the entire garden and reflect it in the iridescence there. That seems to me the very last touch and I enjoy it every time I look. I suppose, in time, when the garden gets too sombre, I shall have to put my white pair there, but we shall see.

"The Master said, 'When the year becomes cold, then we know how the pine and the cypress are the last to close their leaves.'" — Confucian Analects.

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"Let us shut the Summer in when the year is growing old,
And build a fortress round her against the Khan of Cold,
With bastions of cypress, cedar, pine and fir,
And walls of yew and ivy floors, and keep them green for
her,

"With berries of the berberis and beds of bitter-sweet
To entangle her and hold her and charm her flying feet.
Let us keep the sun and birds with us that Summer may
not know
How the snow-white phantom horsemen ride and drive to
and fro.

"Outside, the Khan is there with his cohorts hundreds deep,
But in this green Elysium the rhododendrons keep
With the juniper and holly the dreams that haunt them
yet
Of the spirit of the Summer they never would forget."

—FREDERICK PETERSON, "The Winter Garden."

X

**THE ARNOLD ARBORETUM: A
NATIONAL TREASURE**

The year commenced indeed with a very significant tempest. . . . The greatest ruin is at my nephew Dy-sart's at Ham, where five and thirty of the old elms are blown down. I think it no loss, as I hope now one shall see the river from the house. He never would cut a twig to see the most beautiful scene upon earth.

—HORACE WALPOLE to the COUNTESS OF UPPER OSSORY,
London, Jan. 3, 1779.

X

THE ARNOLD ARBORETUM: A NATIONAL TREASURE

AS the visitor to the Arnold Arboretum stands entranced in May, before glowing and finished pictures of tree and shrub fully developed and in full flower; as he sees around him a beauty so complete, so ravishing, that it seems to have taken a century or so to create it—what is his surprise to learn that this tree museum dates only from 1882, and that only three years later actual tree-planting was begun!

James Arnold, a New Bedford merchant, at the suggestion of his friend George B. Emerson, left in 1868 the sum of \$100,000 for the promotion of agriculture and horticulture. Mr. Emerson and his friend Mr. John James Dixwell, both trustees of this bequest, themselves growers and lovers of trees, decided that no better use could be made of this money than to give it to Harvard University, on condition that the institution established an arboretum. This was in 1872. The university already owned a farm in West Roxbury, part of

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which was deemed a suitable location for the tree museum. A poor farm it was, yet on it the university agreed to grow "every tree and shrub able to endure the climate of Massachusetts"; and here I use Professor Sargent's own words, recently written: "It is safe to say that none of the men directly engaged in making this agreement had any idea what an arboretum might be, or what it was going to cost in time and money to carry out the agreement to cultivate all the trees and shrubs which could be grown in Massachusetts, and certainly none of them were more ignorant on this subject than the person selected to see that this agreement was carried out. He found himself provided with a worn-out farm, partly covered with native woods nearly ruined by pasturage and neglect, with only a small part of the income of the \$100,000 available, for it had been decided by the university that the whole income could not be used until the principal had been increased to \$150,000 by accumulated interest. He was without the support and encouragement of the general public, which knew nothing and cared less about an arboretum and what it was expected to accomplish."

"The person selected" of the paragraph above was none other than the first director of the Arnold

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Arboretum, Professor Sargent himself. How wonderfully fortunate that material collected primarily in the interest of botanical knowledge should have come at once into the keeping of one a scientist of renown and an artist as well! Yet at every turn in the arboretum is in evidence not only Professor Charles Sprague Sargent's great scientific and administrative powers, but his artist's gift, his vision. To return: Frederick Law Olmsted made at this time a far-reaching suggestion, to the effect that the arboretum become a part of the Boston park system. After many vicissitudes this was accomplished; plans for drives and walks were made by Mr. Olmsted, and in 1885 was commenced the actual planting of trees. Professor Sargent's report in 1879 of the forest wealth and forest trees of the United States, made by invitation of the government, his travels and the collections made through him during that period were of inestimable value to the development of the arboretum, and resulted in the unsurpassed collection of North American woods in the American Museum of Natural History in New York, as well as the greatest of all works on trees, Sargent's "The Silva of North America."

North America first supplied the tree and shrub

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subjects for the arboretum, but in 1878 the first tree-seeds from eastern Asia were received. These were from Sapporo, in northern Japan. The Japanese tree-lilac, the two climbing hydrangeas, and a new magnolia were among the plants thus introduced. Four years later from Peking came the first shrub and tree seeds from China, among them the two beautiful lilacs, *Syringa villosa* and *Syringa pubescens*, which if the reader does not know it is his own great loss. The success of these Chinese seeds in the arboretum gave Professor Sargent the idea of botanical exploration by the arboretum in China; Mr. E. H. Wilson was sent thither, with the result that the arboretum stands alone to-day as the source of information in Western lands of the woody vegetation of eastern Asia. Korea and northern China are also represented through the arboretum's travellers.

Of the laboratories and nurseries of the arboretum, it can be truly said that their line is gone out over all the earth. Research results and plants have been sent to all other countries, and that great-hearted devotee of plants who long presided over the nurseries, Jackson Dawson, made an abiding place for himself in the science of hybridizing. The library and herbarium of the arboretum are

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of great and steadily growing importance. The library has thirty-one thousand bound volumes and eight thousand pamphlets, including "all the books in all languages, relating in any way to trees, their uses and cultivation."

Two beauties of the arboretum not always dwelt upon in print are the beautiful use of grass and the beautiful arrangement of backgrounds. The beauty of grass is emphasized in the arboretum. Grass walks are delightfully introduced. Trees and shrubs stand out against a smooth turf background, and nowhere is turf better employed to give a sense of order than between the long beds where shrubs from all parts of the world are found. For a thing to look at always, there is nothing so beautiful as grass in spring, in its fresh greenness; in summer, with its inviting coolness of color; in autumn with its reminiscent green; and in winter, in time of melting snows, grass gives a delight which is a hope as well. It is a marvellous floor for shadow and for sunlight — an incomparable background for the play of foliage; and, beyond all, a reach of fine greensward carries always to the mind the suggestion of finish, ease, tranquillity.

And while we speak of backgrounds, how won-

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derfully is this prime feature of landscape-garden-
ing managed in the arboretum. The magnolias
against the dark foliage of conifers, the lovely rose-
pink kalmia or laurel against the spruce of Hem-
lock Hill — perhaps the great glory of the ar-
boretum this, and a sight which many have crossed
oceans to see, the rhododendrons against other
evergreens. One could not fancy a nobler sight
in growing things than that lately seen of pink-
blooming laurel backed by the wonderful dark
foliage of evergreens up Hemlock Hill. And in
what masterly fashion the kalmia has been planted
“up along” among the dark conifers, giving the
whole range of lovely shrubs the effect of having
come of its own will out of the dark wood to the
full sun of June.

Our saddest æsthetic failing in this country is
our lack of feeling for the fit. Towns are planned
unsuitably (equivalent to no planning at all,
which is the case with most of them); streets
run unsuitably; the absolutely unsuitable house
appears everywhere. The planting of our streets
and places, small and large, is for the most part
unsuitable. The garden lies too often without
a boundary — thus contradicting the very mean-
ing of the lovely word garden; too often appears

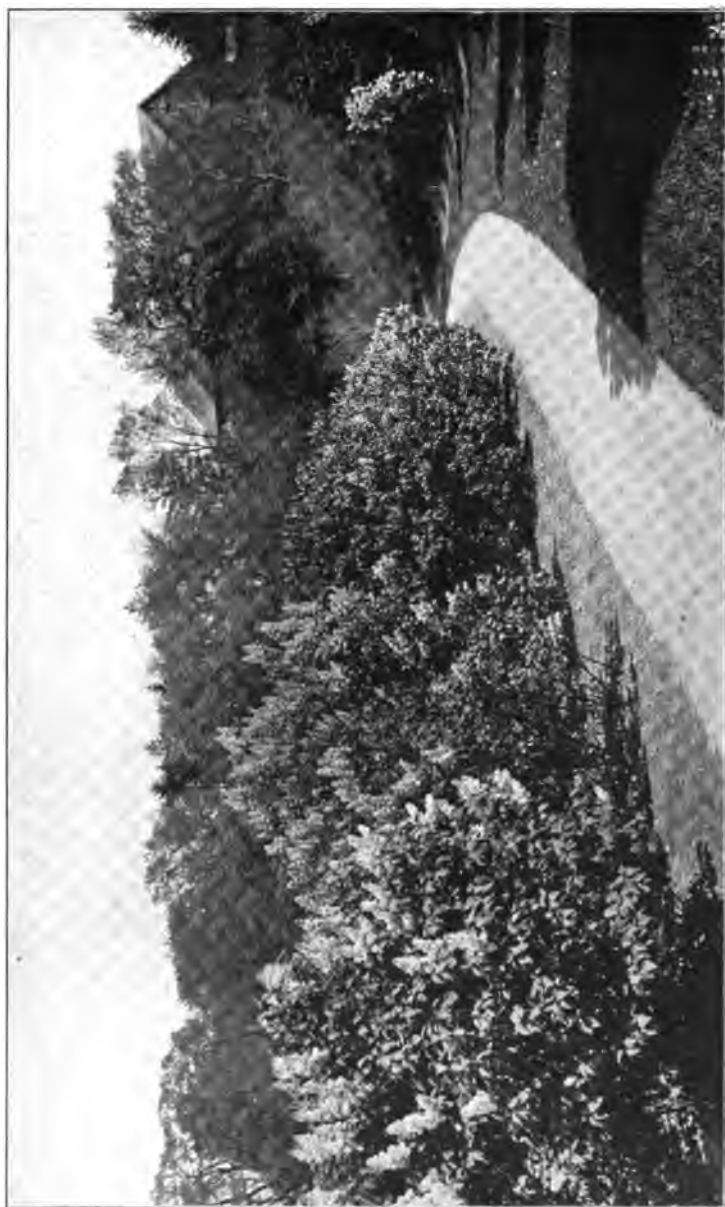
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the pergola, ugly, out of proportion, leading nowhere, with absolutely no reason for existence. We should preach, says Professor Sargent, the importance of trees and shrubs with showy flowers as a background for every flower-garden. Such plants are too much neglected by persons in this country who are making flower-gardens and who forget that a garden depends as much on its surroundings and background as it does on its immediate contents. Most persons seem to think that if they have two or three beds of larkspur and phlox, and a brick walk, a fountain, a pergola with climbing roses, a garden seat—the whole in a bare field without any special reference to or connection with the house or anything else—they have made a garden.

How soon shall we realize that for the tree and shrub material for such enclosings as every garden should have, we may see at the arboretum the very subjects needed for these purposes with manifold suggestions as to grouping and placing for best landscape effects? We go now in countless numbers to the great national parks of the West. This is well. This trains the eye to beauty, the heart to love of country. We go thither at great expense, great expenditure of time and of conve-

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nience to see a grandeur, inspiring but impossible of reproduction in miniature. To Boston most of us may go without many of the disadvantages just mentioned and with the certainty of knowing that here too, we shall see pictures in trees and shrubs, on hill and in valley, and along the stream-side, a beauty of an intimate and finished kind, therefore a beauty upon which we can fitly model our own domain, large or small though this may be. Let us look for an instant at this charming illustration in which lilacs are the subjects, and before commenting upon it let me remind the reader that over one hundred and sixty named varieties of the lilac are to be found in the arboretum. Among these some of the finest are Congo, Marie Legraye, Philemon, Bleuâtre, Belle de Nancy, Gloire des Moulins, these six giving a wide range of variety in color. And does the reader know the two species lilacs, *Syringa pubescens* and *Syringa villosa*? If not, let me assure him that these, which appear in great beauty in the arboretum, will give him a new sensation in flowering shrubs. To stand before any of these in full flower, in the arboretum, is like standing before a shrine, yet there is a larger admiration we may feel if we but see this place with open eyes.



LILACS IN THE ARNOLD ARBORETUM, BOSTON



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Notice in this picture the placing of these great lilac-trees, for such they are become. They are far enough from each other to have reached their best development of form; they make a hedge or screen of interesting type between walk and road; they are so placed that the trees in the distance afford a delicate background of green for the strong outlines of flowering lilac in the foreground.

In such ways have all these plantings been thought out. Here for the amateur gardener are four matters to be learned by one glance at this picture, or, better yet, by visiting the spot — the infinite variety of beautiful lilacs he may get if he wants them, their value as a screen, their beauty in the border, and their use in the composing of an open-air picture. And besides lilacs — to mention one or two other shrubs — the *loniceras*, the *viburnums*. The former, *L. Maackii*, has larger white flowers than any of the bush honeysuckles. The bright-red fruit is very handsome, and remains on the branches long after the leaves have fallen. In these bush honeysuckles alone, magnificent subjects for our gardens, estates, and parks, we have treasure untold for fine effects. They must have room, but their rapid growth and superb appearance deserve the space they need.

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As for the viburnums, they are here in numbers, and who that has seen and caught the fragrance of *V. Carlesii* can ever forget this rare white-flowered shrub from Korea? The diligent gardener, the amateur who not only works in but longs to improve his garden by notable additions thereto, will understand me when I say that I cannot go to the arboretum without coveting — yes, actually coveting — most of the fine things there to be seen. And this is a legitimate coveting. Arboreta and botanical gardens are intended to stimulate a wholesome desire not only for knowledge but for acquisition for experiment on one's own part. As though it were yesterday, I remember my first visit to Kew Gardens, London. It was on a Sunday and a child was with me. In the distance suddenly a cloud of lavender bloom some three feet tall took my eye; on reaching it, I saw it to be *Phlox decussata*, Eugene Danzanvilliers, now readily obtainable here, then unknown in American nurseries. So lovely was it, so eager was I to make note of its name, that having no paper, caught thus in the barrenness of a London Sunday, I persuaded the child to allow me to use its little back as a writing-table and made note of the name upon a handkerchief. But I contend that curi-

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osity is a virtue. I approve of people who are curious. I pity those who have no curiosity, especially in the direction of things that grow. In the arboretum I venture to assert that the most learned in plants and trees must have that feeling so dear to the collector of "*What is that?*" The unknown, the beautiful, the striking unknown is here before the eyes; and the tantalizingness of it lasts only long enough to add to the pleasure, to make that pleasure piquant. One knows that no sooner is the foot of plant or tree reached than there is its name in clear letters, and the pencil and the note-book complete the acquisition of this delightful learning.

If I may repeat — it is in the matter of settings for our gardens, that we are so uninstructed. No backgrounds of green, no hedges, no appreciation of what a garden should be as a whole and as a part of a picture. Most of us are quite as willing to see delphiniums against the clapboards of a garage as against the background of shrubs, which might and should conceal those clapboards. The reason for such willingness is not far to seek. It is because the ugliness and unsuitableness of such placings has not been made clear to us by comparison, comment, or criticism. What we lose in

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beauty year after year by failure to realize this principle of the need of background, is a piteous thing. The smallest bit of ground may be a picture, if little trees and dwarf shrubs are used. Flowers should be the garlanding, so to speak, the ornamentation of the finished structure, and not its main feature.

The old English practice of using flowering trees in all flower-gardens should be followed everywhere in our country. In our most beautiful gardens this is so. The flowering tree gives permanency to the garden, and when we have seen, as at the arboretum, the perfect beauty of such things as the flowering crab-apples — *Prunus Sargentii*, *Prunus subhirtella*, *Malus Arnoldiana* — shall we be satisfied with gardens which lack these? Never. Shall we be content without the delicious hardy azaleas, running fires in our spring borders? Beyond our garden walls shall we not wish for the lovely overhanging crab, like a veiled bride among the young green all about? This and much else you may see in the Arnold Arboretum. Arrange to make pilgrimage there this very May. Plan to get others to go with you; they will see what you will not, and point that out to you. Leave at home your mirror or other small accessory,

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but do not leave your note-book; for the crowning satisfaction of this adorable place is that most of the trees and plants there may now be bought by any one from certain nurseries whose names the Arboretum office willingly gives to interested persons. How many years, how much labor and disappointment are saved by those who visit such a place as this, and who are advised by the sight of the fine trees and shrubs, whose value is here tested and shown! Nowhere in the world can these things be grown so well as in America — not in Europe, not elsewhere. It is only common sense to develop the trees and plants which will flourish with us. In Europe these same things — as, for instance, the lilacs, the viburnums, indeed, all the flowering shrubs — neither blossom nor fruit so well. Foreigners who see the arboretum in spring or in autumn are all amazed at the beauty and wealth of fruit and flower. And again: with the variety of shrubs shown in the arboretum to be successful, it is possible to have shrubs in flower every month in the year. *Hammamelis mollis*, the Japanese witch-hazel, blooms in Boston in January and February, and in March the willows are out. Here is a tiding over of the rigors of winter; a current of living interest

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thus flows throughout the bitterest and dullest months.

What thoughtful, what imaginative mind can fail to see in the present great movement toward thrift a powerful accompanying movement toward beauty? Is it possible that the American will content himself with vegetable growing? With our temperament we shall make vegetables into stepping-stones to higher things. Man must have beauty; and of all the sources from which the highest beauty may — will — flow, there is none to surpass the great Arboretum at Boston.

And where else can be found such true happiness in learning? Not in stuffy theatre or concert-room; not in walled-in museums of inanimate, of dead things; but here, under the sky, with things that bud and bloom, things in which one feels the constant beat of life; here where living objects make living pictures; where color varies with each hour; where composition is freshly fine at every turn of drive or path; here is, indeed, the Baconian purest of earthly pleasures. There is in America nothing more sound, more necessary, more beautiful than this museum of plants.

People predicted, after the war, a new heaven and a new earth. As to the new heaven, who can

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say? But for the new earth I say, yes — there is one already. The things of the earth, man's work on, in, and with it, have taken on an importance never known to us before. Men, women, and children all are producing the very bread they eat. No one who has once come into contact with the earth by growing either crops or garden stuff can or will stop there. The inner desire for beauty is too strong for him; next year and in all the following years flowers, shrubs, trees will be the coveted matters. And as this tide of feeling grows, as grow it must and will, we shall need as never before such a temple of beauty as the Arnold Arboretum. Then will the people crowd to its gates as not heretofore in its history, to admire, to enjoy, above all to learn; and each man, having learned, shall be prepared to add his share to the wisest, finest improving of his part of the land in which we dwell.

XI

**SPANISH GARDENS AND A
CALIFORNIA PLANTING**

Indeed, as much as I love to have summer in summer, I am tired of this weather — it parches the leaves, makes the turf crisp, claps the doors, blows the papers about, and keeps one in a constant mist that gives no dew but might as well be smoke. The sun sets like a pewter plate, red-hot; and then in a moment, appears the moon, at a distance of the same complexion, just as the same orb in a moving picture serves for both.

— HORACE WALPOLE to the COUNTESS OF UPPER OSBORY,
Strawberry Hill, July 15, 1783.

XI

SPANISH GARDENS AND A CALIFORNIA PLANTING

Como oasis de poesia, en las llanuras de España, se encuentran los jardines que he ido espigando, antes de que acaben de borrarse. Largo es el camino para encontrarlos. Por cada tupido ramillete de verdor que se encuentre acurrucado junto al caserón antiguo, o en el fondo de un valle, o al abrigo de las montañas, encontraréis horas y horas de yerma sequedad para las plantas y para la mirada. Por cada ramo de color, extensas soledades de campos estériles; por cada flor, inacabables líneas de terrones, sin una hierba, sin el amor de un árbol, sin el rumor de una fuente, sin un refugio para el alma que quiera tenderse a la sombra.

— SANTIAGO RUSIÑOL.

ON my table as I write lie a few packets of seed of wallflowers, petunias, Canterbury bells, in narrow little white envelopes, bearing this inscription stamped at one end — Spalla Hermanos, Establecimiento de Horticultura, 31 Lopez de Hoyos-31, Jardin, Madrid. These small objects from Spain stir the recollection of a month in that land of brightness and of melancholy, and turn my thoughts to the gardens of Castile, of Granada, of

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Aranjuez. Confessing, however, at once to no first-hand knowledge of private gardens in Spain, and to little of those open to the public, I may add that always I have watched for some printed word concerning the gardens that one fancies as beyond the walls in every Spanish town and city. With what happy anticipation did I send for the French translation of the Spanish play, "Aux Jardins de Murcie," my horticultural hopes high, as when the first word of Masefield's "Daffodil Fields" reached my ear; none but a gardener can fully share with me the blankness of disappointment on finding that these writings with lovely names dealt only with tragedy and blood.

The public gardens of Spain cannot be forgotten by those who know them. I recall the sombre impression of the gardens of the Escorial, those gardens of "broad terraces with trim box hedges, but on the whole possessing more architecture than vegetation." I remember the deliciously flowered terrace of the Generalife; the bright fountains, the flowers, the myrtles of the gardens of the Alhambra; the charming Parqué Maria Luisa of Seville, but, more than these, the rich loveliness there of the gardens of the Alcazar. Hare's words describe these well: "Behind the Alcazar, approached by a

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separate entrance, are its lovely gardens laid out by Charles V, an absolute blaze of sunshine and beauty, where between myrtle hedges and terraces lined with brilliant tulips and ranunculuses, fountains spring up on either side of the path, and gradually rising higher and higher, unite, and dance together through the flowers. Beyond the more formal gardens are ancient orange groves covered with fruit. The ground is littered with their golden balls. 'There are so many,' the gardener said, 'it is not worth while to pick them up.' We gathered as many as we liked, and felt that no one knew what an orange was who had not tasted the sunny fruit of Seville."

The gardens of Cadiz, too, are said to be marvels of flowery beauty, with geraniums, ixias, heliotropes. My only intimate personal recollection, however, is of the romantic garden of a convent near Seville. That garden, on a day of April some fifteen years ago, is a bright memory still, with its tree-shaded alleys, its long, narrow walks, radiating from a central circle where tea-roses were in early spring bloom. It was Mme. B——, a lovely and gifted Irishwoman and a preceptress of the convent, now my friend and correspondent of years, who through her young pupils learned of a rare

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book of Spanish gardens, and passed that word to me. The title of this precious portfolio, reproductions of a painter's work, is "Jardines de España," by Santiago Rusiñol. The book is published in Madrid by the Sociedad Anónimo, San Marcos 42, and sold in the same city by Don Fernando Fé, Libreria, Puerto del Sol, 15. Some forty plates, loose-leaved, are found within stiff paper covers of Spanish yellow tied with yellow ribbons, and these pictures are prefaced not only by a few pages from the artist himself but by several poems in praise of the gardens of Spain and of their interpretation here by a painter with rare poetic feeling. By no other way could one approach these gardens shown by Rusiñol than by the way of poetry, fit antechamber to the collection within where, in sun and in shadow, poetry itself is felt.

To choose from among these pictures a few for comment has been difficult; but certain ones shall be touched upon in an attempt to give some idea of the type of garden of a country whose private pleasaunces are doubtless much better known to horticulture and to art than they are to me.

Taking now almost at random a dozen of these pictures, it is not strange that in nine out of the twelve one sees water; fountains in eight, a deep

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pool in the ninth. The general aridity of Spain, its burning sun, and that knowledge from Moorish times of the beautiful use of water, suggest themselves by the cool streams of fountains in these gardens. The *glorieta*, a green pavilion or arbor formed of cypress-trees, trained and clipped to simulate the Gothic, is the other striking feature of these Spanish plates. This has a strange beauty — its sloping arches, its finials even, cut in dark-green foliage; and, as the trees seem to be very slender in themselves, the effect is light and graceful, except where the cypress is set more closely together and allowed, as in the picture “Camino de Rosales” (Aranjuez), to form a thick and matted bower. Here the *glorieta* forms a central feature for a great garden on level land, backed by mountains; the solidity of the *glorieta*’s green walls is relieved by a series of detached arches of cypress, forming entrances to narrow-hedged and flower-bordered walks, which radiate in six or eight directions outward from the green pavilion. “Nido de Cipreses,” evidently a painting in detail of the first-named subject, shows this designing with beautiful clearness. In the plate “Camino de Alfabia” (Mallorca), a noble pergola is seen; columns rising from a low wall, light arches above; an

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important fountain with two basins superimposed and a jet, the terminal feature; dark alleys of trees beyond this. Few or no flowers appear here; one or two leafless stems of grape run over the lightly arched roof of the pergola; it is, however, its floor that arrests attention. This is a delightful floor of cobblestones, with a diamondlike pattern running through it, laid in transverse lines of large brick or narrow stones.

"Cipreses Viejos" (Granada) shows a lovely effect of repetition of planting; through a round group of ancient cypresses, so old that as in our own red cedars all lower boughs are gone, one sees at the far end of the walk, intercepted by this group, a glorieta formed of younger trees of the same type. From this simple arrangement Rusiñol has made a superbly decorative picture. There is even a bit of humor lurking here in the infinitesimal jet of water in the open space amidst those tall and ancient trees. In Granada too, at Viznar, was the lovely picture made, "Jardin Abandonado." And here, as its name at once suggests, no waters flow from the fine central fountain; but above dark formal hedges fruit-trees are in flower, and the figures, from their niches in the façade of the palace, seem still to be gazing upon spring

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gaiety, that gaiety which centuries cannot quench. "Cipreses Dorados," with its marvellous drawing and tones of pale violet, green, and gold, is one of the most delightful of all these pictures. The light of the setting sun upon this group of old trees encircling the silvery fountain and coloring all the ground below, is transcribed here with surpassing skill and charm. "Salon de los Reyes Católicos" (Aranjuez) gives noble decorative suggestions for gardens of Florida or of California — a double avenue of trees, apparently eucalyptus, reaching far into the distance, these flanked beyond outer walks by dense shrubberies, and the whole faced by a charming parterre of low-clipped hedges. The lines of green surround a broad basin of marble, a group of marble figures as its centre. The little formal garden of green outlines — there are as many as four concentric circles of green hedge — is punctuated at regular intervals by low balls of what may be clipped box but is probably not that. At all events, the beauty of this picture, its romantic charm, and the splendor of its original conception as a decorative idea for a great garden are things one would not have been content to miss.

What poetry in the painting "Granada de Noche"! The full moon, yet low over the moun-

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tain, the great shaft of water from the fountain in the foreground, whitened by the moon, and yet more white because of its setting of dark hedge and of encircling masses of cypress. And what a melancholy poetry in that bold and gloomy picture "Paseo Mistico" (Montserrat). The long alley of cypress-trees, their pointed darkness echoed by the bright-pointed cliffs beyond; that sad and drooping figure of a beautiful woman on the stone bench to the right; the sunlit flowers against the woman's dress in dramatic contrast to the whole! Of the richness of color and beauty of composition of such pictures as "Fuente de la Odalisca" and of "Arquitectura Verde," both at Granada, I have not words in which to write. But that one of all of these to which I turn oftenest, and in which I find that suddenness of happiness which comes not often, is that one called "El Laberinto" (Barcelona). Here the daring of this painter, his strong draftsmanship and the magnificence of his color, all contribute finely to set forth his conception of a garden at once sombre and beautiful. Set in the midst of a dark labyrinth of tall cypress hedge is a round pool, like a black opal from the deep reflected blue of a sky of evening. Arched openings of trimmed cypress lead into the teasing

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walks; an austere adornment of marble busts against walls of living green is the only detail. Beyond the level tops of a great expanse of winding hedge dark natural tree masses are seen, pointed and rounding; and far below in all the color and the glow of sunset lie the shore, the sea.

From Spain to California is a mental transition easily accomplished. Toward sunset the indescribable grays of the velvety California mountains, with long indigo shadows in their folds, hold the eye. Below these stand a line of glorious sycamore-trees, their winter leaves of burnished copper shining in the sun above rounding fields, thinly veiled in the green of a spring crop. It is this remarkable juxtaposition of the bright brown and rich blue, sycamore leaf and mountain shadow, which captivates the traveller on the first sight of California in January. The sunlight through gray interlacing branches of olive-trees in the orchards, too, creates beautiful purple shadows on the fresh-ploughed soil beneath, and gives a wondrous feeling of the spring. In fact, January and part of February are the spring in southern California.

At Coronado, as one stands on a little eminence trying not to see the hotel — that hotel which creates perfect comfort within its walls and un-

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equalled discomfort by its outward aspect — and looks away toward the fine range of mountains in Lower California, really Mexico, the picture is all in long horizontal lines below the peaks. Lines of blue for the waters of San Diego Bay and Glorieta Bay, lines of white for the little white cities along the shores. Running from Coronado into Glorieta Bay, really a blue lake, is a line of green, a point of land ending in a small bit called Prospect Park. Blue, green, violet; the mountains are oftenest veiled in lavender or purple, and in the midst of this color, set like a topaz on a band of soft-striped ribbon, stands a little house of cement made to look like adobe, a house of one story, a house built, as an aviator son first informed me, around a little court, not called a patio, but a plazita. The fact is that this house is in style pure Santa Fé Mission — all is absolutely true to type — there is no architectural compromise except perhaps in such matters as openings for light, air, and entrance.

The house, the property of Mrs. Robert, of San Francisco, and designed by Mr. William Templeton Johnson, of San Diego, is of a rather rich ochre in color. Its window-frames and the grille of the door are painted a dark cobalt-blue. Framing this house, when I saw it, on two sides lay a lovely

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tropical or subtropical garden, a young garden not four years old, and because of spring's beginning in Coronado in December, a winter garden as yet. Here were not many flowers, but what there were showed orange and yellow bloom. Calendula and trollius were conspicuous and the effect with the house walls was delicious. The beauty of line of the little house is clearly shown in the illustration opposite page 198. The beauty of the garden at the time of which I write lay in its foliage-color, foliage-forms, and the arrangement of these. An artist hath done this thing, exclaimed I to myself, as I walked into the little garden. Standing at the blue entrance-door, and looking down a slightly curved walk to the street, it is the planting on either side of the walk that first arrests one. On the right, back of the low border, is a wonderfully fine arrangement of the cylindrical cacti known as the Mexican "Organ Pipe," and *Cereus spaccianus*, one of the choicest of bloomers; also, here are a few low-growing varieties. Tall and dwarf these are, but so well set with regard to each other as to be of quite startling interest as a group. To the left again, beyond the border, were long, irregular colonies of lovely gray-leaved things. When first I saw this house I thought I had never seen a

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sweeter picture, and this was partly because of its setting of garden, but also because of the rare beauty of that garden itself. Gray and green foliage and flowers of yellow, orange, and lemon hues were delightfully used in the small stretches of ground lying about the house. The place covers less than one-fourth of an acre.

On first seeing the garden I thought the color the captivating thing. Then said I, no, it is the arrangement of form, the subtle knowledge of how to place things. Finally I realized that it was both. Miss Kate O. Sessions, of San Diego, whose work in gardening is well known, and whose name is synonymous with great knowledge of the trees, shrubs, and flowers of this region, and with the beautiful use of such things, planned and executed this Coronado garden, to please the owner, who wished the planting to fit the architecture, to be a bit of New Mexico transplanted.

To return, however, after too long a digression. Here, to the right of the entrance-porch and beyond a blue-framed window, is a Hopi ladder leaning casually against the ochre of the wall. This serves as support for a climbing aloe, the burnt-orange flowers pointing upward above its leaves. Around the corner of the northeast wall



A SUB-TROPICAL GARDEN AT CORONADO



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is a beautiful climber, chorizema, with spraylike buds which as flowers will show rainbow colors. Near by is a fine plant of *Romneya Coulteri*, or Matilija poppy, and beyond that a bearing lemon-tree in front of the kitchen window. Farther on are fig-trees and guavas. Hanging above the entrance-porch, or loggia, of the house is an entrancing growth of the orange-colored trumpet-vine, *Bignonia venusta*, in full bloom all winter. The vine literally drips flowers. The small, vivid orange trumpets against a background of bright-green leaves make the most perfect possible framing for the entrance-porch below. This small porch has a floor of tile, and, as I have said, a Spanish grille door of blue, of such a blue. On either side of the porch stand specimen bushes of streptosolen, with its clusters of velvet flowers in all the hues of *Gladiolus primulinus* hybrids. These carry the eye easily and delightfully up to the colored hanging above. At the outer edge of the tiled porch floor there is a border of the gray-blue grass, *Festuca*, like a delicate reflection of the sky. On the ochre wall beyond is the streptosolen, covered with its vivid flowers and delicate yellow buds. The blue-framed casement windows are just above the orange-shaded streptosolen, and

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on the ground a border of winter-blooming orange ice-plant, *Mesembryanthemum auranticum*, gives intensity to the color scheme.

Standing at the street end of the cement walk leading from the street to the entrance-porch, this picture in flowers must be the envy of many a Californian whose eyes are set toward subtropical beauty. The cement walk is bordered by a three-foot strip of the small creeping *Convolvulus mauritanicus*, now entirely green but later a sheet of gray-blue bloom from April until October. At the extreme right stands a long, loosely arranged group of magnificent aloes, in several varieties, holding great spears of scarlet and yellow flowers far above their twisting leaves. Below these are other and smaller aloes, with leaf colors which one might think reminiscent of a dusky sunset — a remarkable glow, even a suggestion of rose in these leaves of blue-green. Before this aloe group are great heaps and mounds, lower and higher — but never higher than two feet — of great white things, such as *Centaurea maritima*, and beyond all these, nearer to the house, sheets of sweet alyssum in full bloom, with a broad line of gray-foliaged border plants, santolina, behind which thrive a variety of sedums and crassula two feet high, and the rare *Portulacaria afra*.

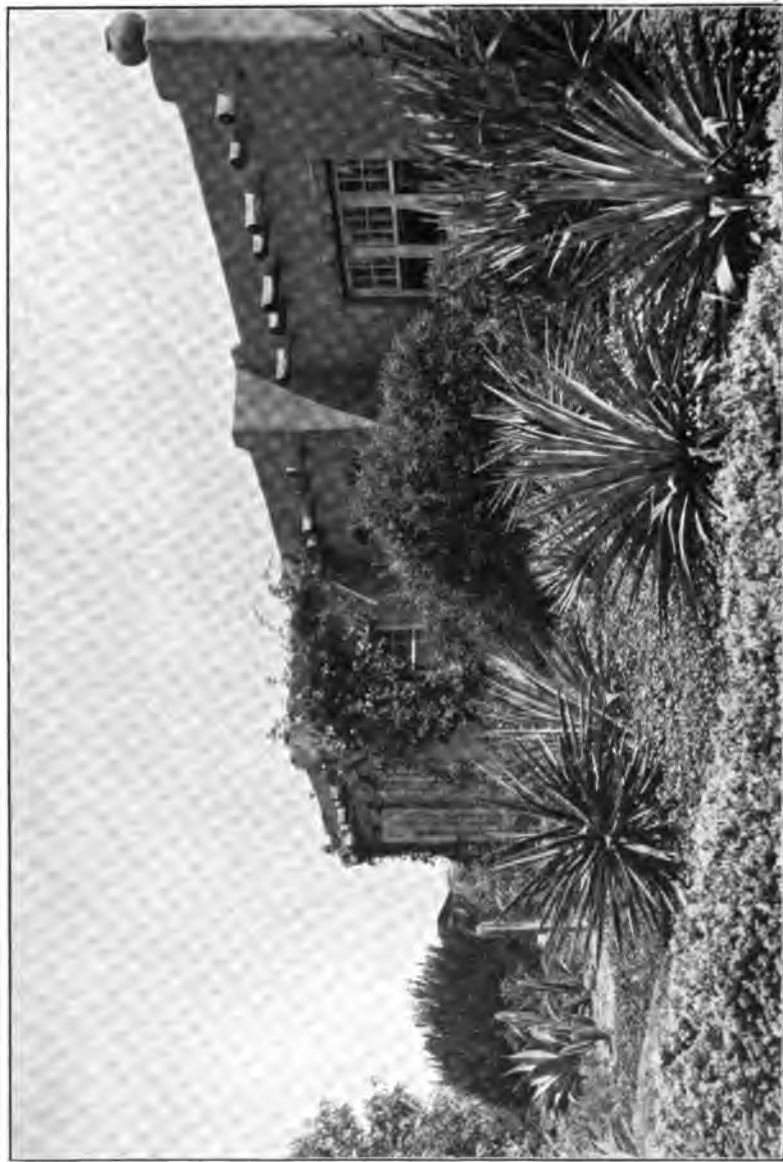
SPANISH GARDENS

Looking now toward the left of the walk, the character of the planting is different. On a slight mound is the effective group of cacti previously mentioned, which give a semi-humorous impression. They seem to people the ground. One remembers the phrase, "Men as trees walking." Those who know this cactus will understand; yet the beauty of it here is very great. The ground beneath and around is covered with the purple-flowering *Verbena venosa* and the beach strawberry native about San Francisco. This has a wonderful dark foliage and plenty of large white flowers, but no fruit. Beyond the cacti, just overlapping them, is a very widely spaced group of grasslike plants, dasylirions, in three varieties, which give this part of the garden the look of having been gone over by an etcher's needle. The threadlike effect is only partly given in the illustration. More of the low purple verbena, next a large American agave, silvery green and gray on the shining green carpet of the strawberry leaves; then *Phormium tenax*, or New Zealand flax, a valuable fibre-plant; *Yucca baccata* and *Dracæna draco* rise above the masses of escholtzias, with their orange flames; more blue-gray agaves, yellow sedums rising from groups of lemon-yellow gâzanias, all backed by a handsome shrub of *Grevillea thelemaniana*, and a

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group of the fernlike tree, *Lyonothamnus floribunda*, a native of the Santa Barbara Islands.

We have now come around the house to the southwest side, following a narrow curving walk, and find here more massed planting, partly to screen out the service region, partly as a background for the house itself. Here stand the fern-leaved trees just mentioned, here are well-grown groups of *Acacia latifolia*, and here, toward the street again, are spreading the *Cactus opuntia*, thornless and thorny, with the bright orange-blooming *Dimorphotheca aurantiaca* all over the ground against and beneath the cactus-green. Wherever such masses of flowers occur, the foreground is apt to be cut by a yucca or an agave of different varieties, or by some other plant, bold and distinct in character, such as *Echium simplex*, a honey plant of the Azores. This virile use of such plants is one of the many characteristics of the small place under discussion. There is no lawn nor hedge nor fence in the front of this garden, but along the front a border three to six feet wide is composed of four sorts of mesembryanthemum, variable as to texture and color and well placed for effect, which is very brilliant from May to October. The broad parking space outside of



NEW ZEALAND FLAX IN A CORONADO GARDEN

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the cement sidewalk is filled with the orange-colored gazania, which likewise is in bloom from April to October. These masses of color are like a miniature copy of the wild-flower fields of Coronado when it was only a rabbit-and-quail park and there was plenty of rain.

Also, one of the charms of this place lies in the restrained use of creepers against the house. Fancy what this restraint means in such a climate. The temptation there is, I observe, to allow the vines of quick growth to suffocate the house. Its outlines gasp for breath. All sense of form is lost, and the unrestrained ficus and bignonia come in for a share of the blame. In the same manner precisely, and for the same reason, the scarlet geranium is condemned by the visitor to southern California. It should not be; it is only badly, very badly used there by the mass of the people. Now and again one sees it superb, well-grown, well-groomed, perfectly placed. Time will surely bring to all of southern California, as it has to much of it already, an understanding of the need for structural green perhaps more easily and more quickly supplied there than in any other part of the country. The perfect example in this, as in many other things, is there in the San Diego Exposition

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grounds and buildings — an ideal, a gleam to follow, which has been and will be followed in the architecture and gardening of that part of the United States. What fine opportunities there to realize the truth of that sentence from "Studies in Gardening": "A single flowering shrub rightly placed in front of a dark barrier of greenery has your eye to itself, and satisfies it like an altar-piece in a quiet church." When such things are brought to pass commonly, not only in such places as Montecito and others one might mention, there will have sprung into being in that part of the State a true paradise for lovers of the best gardening.

During that winter in southern California many pleasant horticultural experiences befell me. Of these, one of the most exciting was suddenly to be presented with a cluster of enchanting flowers, three varieties, not one of which I had ever seen before, and of not one of which did I know the name. They were *Billbergia nutans*, *Strelitzia*, and *Lopezia*. Never have I had a more singular sensation than in seeing these for the first time. It was like meeting with a stranger whose very language I could not identify. But the language of beauty was clear. What melting rose-color in

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the fuchsia-like billbergia, what delicious green-blue-rose in the strelitzia, and what grace and delicacy in the flowers of the mosquito-plant, the three together forming an arrangement as lovely in effect of color as in form of subject. Another marvel to me was *Fremontia californica* or *mexicana*. This has bright-brown, woolly, curving branches. Up the stem at intervals of about four inches appear three beautiful leaves, more the color and texture of those of English ivy than like others, and a flower. The leaves are in groups, one large, two small, very elegant in outline, and held away from their stem in most interesting fashion. The five-petalled flower is of vivid, clear yellow within and of burnt orange without, if one could imagine such color.

On a day in late March I spent some hours in the region of San Diego, toward the Sweetwater Valley, and near the towns of Chula Vista and National City. On the San Diego side of the Coronado ferry two friends awaited me, and we soon left the city in the distance, stopping first to see a very complete garden belonging to Mrs. B. Here cypress, pine, and other trees had made in four short years that phenomenal growth only possible in this soft climate; here was a pleasant, for-

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mal garden, the walks outlined by rough blocks of hard-pan of the locality, set on edge, in color precisely right for the position. Here too I saw a most beautiful use of the geranium, tall bushes of the superb variety of scarlet, General Grant, in vivid bloom, against the brown-shingled wall of a house, with that shining-leaved shrub, one of the glories in California in shrubs, coprosma, set in between the geraniums.

On, then, to Mrs. D.'s twelve acres, boasting a greater variety in vegetation than is often seen together, various kinds of figs, of almonds, the young green fruit and nuts already formed upon the twigs, an Australian flame-tree, loquats, cumquats, a fine orange grove in which a tractor was already turning under tall rye as fertilizer. Every vegetable is grown here; five thousand young plants of the Chinese sacred lily, alfalfa, montbretias, from among which a Japanese gardener was hoeing out seedlings of castor-beans grown there last year and determined to grow again. Fine poultry and Jersey cattle completed this "Twelve Acres and Liberty." From this small ranch spread out in every direction a delicious scene in those gray-greens of California mountains, mesas, valleys, touched in places with the different yellow-

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greens of spring. Indoors, upon the tea-table, in a room flooded with the vivid sun of California, stood a brilliant assemblage of flowers; indeed, I thought—it might have been that wondrous sun, it might have been the atmosphere of warm hospitality around us, but it seemed to me I had never seen flowers quite so gay. A round bowl was filled with these: yellow daffodils, freesias of the purest white, purple lupine, escholtzia, nasturtiums in deeper and lighter tones of orange and yellow, mignonette. Two more flowers gave this lovely arrangement the special interest to me of novelty; many sprays of the white allium added delicacy to the mass, and scattered here and there throughout the group was the charming agathea, that little lavender-blue daisy-like flower, which does so much for southern California gardens in March.

A neighboring house, Italianesque, and most charming in line and color, gave me a lovely memory in flowers. Along a cream-white wall of stucco three things made a picture of enviable beauty: long lavender tassels of Japanese wistaria hung with inimitable grace against this wall at one end, not thickly, but lightly; color, line, shadow, were all here in perfection. And set fur-

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ther along this wall stood two low, rounding shrubs in full deep-purple flower, a polygala, I think. The eye was led from the creeper, all grace and delicacy, to the related tone below, where so suitably the more solid subject wore the richer hue. I lingered long here, for who can lightly leave a bit of architecture and of gardening which really satisfies?

Then to a little Spanish house upon a hill, but so hidden with hedge of cypress, with great groups of eucalyptus and acacia, that until we approached the arched entrance, cut in the plaster wall, one could not have said with certainty, "Here is a house." A delightful oblong terrace of turf lay at one end of the house, velvet blooms of streptosolen hanging infrequently over the stucco terrace-wall. These unimaginable, unapproachable flowers of the streptosolen have all the colors of Mr. Kunderd's *Primulinus* hybrids among gladioli. They may be compared to loose clusters of primroses, in hues of orange to pale lemon-color. Around a corner we found a beauteous fan-shaped rose-garden, with many standards coming into bloom, and beyond this, down the slopes of rock and gravel among acacia-trees, a natural-looking carpet of low perennial flowers. A look into the little plazita of the

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house, with its clear pool, and we took our way again along the course of the Sweetwater River to the ranch of Mrs. M. C. Here the house is again on an eminence, but pure New England colonial in type, a frame house painted white. Again the cypress hedge, incredibly high, gateways cut in the living green and outlined with old-fashioned trellised arches set in the hedge openings. Various small, formal gardens are well disposed about the house, fine greensward everywhere and a tennis court of clay on the edge of the height overlooking valley and mountain range. The court is outlined by a white treillage of light, graceful arches; and between the arches roses climb in early bloom. Pink of the pink Cherokee, white with gold stamens of the true Cherokee, a wreathing of roses on a good framework against a distant landscape of gray-green and lavender. I noticed in these gardens, too, an extremely good placing of rose-pink *Watsonia*, blooming below a Cherokee rose of the same hue.

Back, then, to one of the objective points of this afternoon's drive, the five acres of lemon-trees of Mrs. G. Old trees these, and so cultivated and cared for that a record yield occurred this year — fifteen hundred odd boxes of fine fruit. Four hun-

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dred chickens supply all the fertilizer used upon this lemon orchard. I leave the reader to judge if this is not the best obtainable.

I was much impressed with the work of the sixteen young women who were then engaged in taking charge of the grounds of the Hotel Raymond in Pasadena. Some looked after the nursery, others the lawns and flower borders. Mr. Groenwegen, the superintendent of the grounds, arranged them in divisions with captains who were natural leaders. "They did things," said the superintendent, "just as well, if not better, than the men I had under me, following instructions faithfully." Certainly they were attractive-looking as they worked, and their minds were on their duties. I met two or three of these young gardeners later, and it did not take a second glance to realize that work would prosper in such hands as these.

XII

**A, REVIEW OF THE AMERICAN
SEED CATALOGUE**

If there is a sprig of truth left growing in Bedfordshire, I entreat your Ladyship to spare me a cutting, for there is not a leaf to be had in town for love or money.

—HORACE WALPOLE to the COUNTESS OF UPPER OSBORN,
London, November, 1779.

LINES ON READING A GARDEN ANNUAL

What do I care if snows drift deep
And chill the north wind blows,
When, in the sheltered room I keep,
A glorious garden grows?

Free flowering Ramblers climb and cling
Immune from Bug and Blight,
While from the floor Show Pansies spring,
As big as saucers, quite.

Larkspurs and Phlox their standards rear
So thick with flowers no room
Is left for leaves, and through the year
Display Continuous Bloom.

Exotic Ferns and Orchids Rare
Grow rankly all about,
Thriving the Better without Care,
Indifferent to the drought.

So why revile grim winter's rage
When summer fails to show
Such flowers as those the Seedman's page
And boundless fancy know?

— MILDRED HOWELL.

XII

A REVIEW OF THE AMERICAN SEED CATALOGUE*

"**H**ERE come the annual catalogues," writes the editor of that good little Boston weekly called "Horticulture." "The long fall labors of the seedsman have come to fruition, and here are his children, arriving by every post delivery. Each one, even the most unpretentious, represents effort to surpass in one direction or another, and in the voluminous total we don't believe there is one page deliberately inserted to deceive. If the public were only half as intelligent and attentive in their use of the seedsman's wares as the seedsman is anxious to excel in the quality provided, we shouldn't hear so much about unsatisfactory results. The best remedy ever applied for 'poor seed' is horticultural education."

From its ethical standpoint the foregoing is my own platform with regard to the American seed lists. Who could enjoy that in which he could

*Written in 1916: a few personal reflections.

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not believe? As for me, it would be a bitter January indeed which did not produce the too gay cover of Vaughan's list, the sober livery of Dreer's, never better-looking than in 1916, the semi-decoration of Farquhar's. But, to take an original view of the question, my seed lists, as they lie in piles upon my table, how ugly they look! If I were not aware of the fact that competing seedsmen are not always the best of friends, I should suggest that a color-consultation be held in the summer of the men of each firm who make the issuing of the catalogue their peculiar business. Think what shelves of harmonious color we should then have as the year began; each firm to adopt a uniform binding, harmonious with his rival's, and not to depart from it with successive years!

For the business which concerns us here a comparison, a critical examination of the seed lists of our country, division into rough groups seems to be convenient. First, catalogues of general importance, such as those of Dreer, Farquhar, Vaughan, the Palisades Nurseries, and so on. I will ask you to remember that the order in which I shall take these means nothing — they will be mentioned in a quite haphazard manner within their respective group arrangements. Let us take

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the plunge with the respective names of Dreer and Farquhar. Moderation in expression characterizes these two lists; a plant is desirable, very desirable, of pleasing color. Few superlatives are here to be met; as a result, the reader's confidence is gained, and when an extra good thing comes in for high praise he promptly responds to the suggestion. Farquhar is entitled to all praise for his courage in introducing the new Chinese and Japanese shrubs and plants. The glorious *Lilium myriophyllum*, or, as it is now called, *Lilium regale*, was brought out by this firm a few years since; most of the new barberries, cotoneasters, and other shrubs lately introduced into commerce have been first described and offered upon these pages.

In Dreer's catalogue for 1916, on the page opposite the excellent color print of *Gladiolus Baron Hulot* and *Gladiolus Sulphur King*, when these are called blue and gold, not only is the phrase purple and gold more beautiful as to words but it is accurate and the other is not. A kind of faint-hearted retrieving of accuracy in color description is noted in the words concerning *Baron Hulot*, a "rich royal violet blue." All who have grown this small and charming flower know it for a rich violet or purple — the word blue cannot occur to any

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one who sees it even for the first time. Though I say, as I have often said before, that when the compiler of so restrained, complete, and serious a list as Dreer's speaks in color terms so misleading, amateur gardeners, as organizations and as individuals, need to urge upon all such firms the adoption of one of the two standard charts, and that at once, before such painful things are repeated. Taken as a whole, Dreer's is a fine catalogue, certainly one of our best. Mr. W. C. Egan's cultural directions are always valuable. So are Mrs. Ely's, and the range in variety of seeds and plants is remarkable. To roses, dahlias, and hardy phloxes large spaces are allotted. Far too much space is given to illustrations. I think here of a lively correspondent of mine who, deploring the frequency of poor illustrations in one of our gardening journals, wrote: "I am too old to be amused by pictures, and I know how to grow tomatoes in a tomato-can."

Since my eye first fell upon the list issued by the Palisades Nurseries, of Sparkill, N. Y., I have been less satisfied with the others upon my shelf. This list speaks to the intelligent gardener. It seems possessed of a certain accuracy, its color descriptions are among the best to be found, its explana-

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tions of the meaning of botanical terms or names are as illuminating as they are unusual; in fact, it is one of the only two of our catalogues approaching the scientific. And for the constantly growing company of advanced amateurs catalogues on the order of the great English lists, such as Barr's, which are books of reference too, must soon be forthcoming. For these gardeners no pictures are essential. They are already acquainted with form, color, and habit of their plant-subjects. They know from experience all they need to know concerning their soil and climate. New varieties are the thing, new varieties of known species, or, indeed, new species themselves. In the list of the Palisades Nurseries we find forty varieties of hardy asters and twenty-five of dianthus.

Knight & Struck's list has many good features; a bit too much quotation, perhaps. It is a wordy list, and to the initiated may seem rather to overdo the matter of enthusiasm. Yet the fact that a color chart has practically been adopted by this firm, the first American instance of the kind, places this list far above all others in this one direction. Mrs. S. A. Brown's short paper on color at the beginning of the book is a document of real value. For myself, I could be as happy if T. E. Brown's

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well-worn "A Garden is a Lovesome Thing" had been omitted from these pages.

Peter Henderson's book, with its quaintly gay cover, is as welcome a visitor as any of its compeers. Who does not smile as he looks with each new year upon the pleasant old gentleman in spectacles, ever wheeling his barrow full of vegetables? The reliability of Henderson's seeds has been for years a household word. The frequency of exaggeration of its language is a lapse one forgives for old times' sake; but its pages bristle with such words as "gorgeous, magnificent, showy, indispensable, superb," and the appeal of these terms to the seasoned gardener has become somewhat limited.

Burpee's Annual for 1916 brings with it, to every one who knew of Mr. Burpee, a sense of almost personal loss in his death in the autumn of 1915. Two fine young sons are now at the head of this great business, which is known first for its remarkable system of trials of seeds, and next for its many introductions of distinct varieties of flowers and vegetables, varieties which have proved their worth. The list has the look of another age, an older period of taste in America, the bright, inevitable sweet pea upon its cover. The pictures of

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half-page cabbages and whole-page lima beans, of half-page petunias and of whole-page antirrhinums may cause a smile upon the countenance of the unbeliever; but true it is that "Burpee's seeds grow," and the terse descriptions of flower or of vegetable are all that is needed to induce one to buy.

Bobbink & Atkins issue a dignified, correct, and handsome list; this house also issues a separate catalogue of seeds for rock gardens. Thorburn has an excellent reputation as a seedsman in the East, at least; this firm is of great age, but its book has ever seemed to me to be really too conservative, to show a certain rigidity of manner. Some day I shall expect to see upon its plain and attractive cover Sir Walter's lines:

"This rock shall fly
From its firm base as soon as I."

Vaughan's is a list of greatest interest to us in the Middle West. Each year it improves in type — alas, not in its outward dress, where impossible pansies of hideously large dimensions flaunt themselves this season. But inwardly it is satisfying, and usually offers many delightful new flowers from all over the world.

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Michell's (of Philadelphia) catalogue, barring a fearsome page of roses in color, is a very excellent and complete one; it illustrates good tools and baskets with a fulness hardly to be met with in other lists, and is in that respect rather a favorite of mine.

To the old and fine firm of John Lewis Childs we owe *Gladiolus Childsii* — one of the finest types in cultivation. This house also introduced Rudbeckia Golden Glow — a flower now despised by the initiated, but which, I venture to say, has brought more pleasure into squalid city surroundings than any heretofore known. Elliott, of Pittsburg, sends out lists which are always worth having — excellent selections of plants and shrubs are always on his pages. The cultural directions for delphiniums in Elliott's list are such as one cannot afford to miss.

A colloquial of colloquials in seed-list lore is Henry Field, of Shenandoah, Iowa. There is no list so amusing as this, although in places it reminds us of Bees' list published at Liverpool, in which I always think I see an Irish hand! Read in Henry Field, page 55, "Woman's Rights in the Garden," and have as hearty a laugh as you have had for long. Yet, underneath the humor of it, notice the

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truth about the old garden tools on the farm, and on that subject, not confined to Shenandoah, Iowa, of a woman's having to ask her husband for every cent she spends. There is a fundamental wholesomeness about this catalogue which shows a sound man back of it. I commend it to those who may not realize the range of our seed publications, and what can be done by the Middle West in the way of breezy writing.

Among the rather handsomer books of this year one might mention that of Weeber & Don, of New York. Here the cover bears a most attractive garden picture in color, bordered by a delicate design in greenish gray; the inner leaves show many fine vegetables and flowers, with good descriptions evidently not overdrawn. Julius Roehrs, the great specialist in orchids, publishes a very adequate-looking list, with a selection of names of perennials suitable for the rock-garden, which will be specially welcomed by those who recall the lovely garden of this type shown by this company at the Grand Central Palace last year (1915).

For Henry Dawson's list, that of the Eastern Nurseries, Jamaica Plain, Massachusetts, one cannot but feel the greatest admiration. This is a list without frills, in fact, almost without illustra-

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tions; it is a learned list botanically, as befits one compiled by the son of Mr. Jackson Dawson, and made in the shadow of the Arnold Arboretum; and, because of its accuracy and range, it should rank very high with amateurs and professionals in this country.

Let us now turn to a number of lists dealing with the great matter of trees and shrubs. In this group Moon, Hicks, and Ellwanger and Barry stand out pre-eminent. Moon's book, always beautiful in dress, with a pretty play upon the name in its decoration, is the best of this type. Rather serious in language, it is not over-embellished by pictures. Hicks, of Long Island, well known for his fine specimen trees, sends us a list very choppy-looking within, in arrangement of illustrations and diagrams, but in reality crowded with planting suggestions based on principles. This is a valuable book. Ellwanger and Barry used to be a name to conjure with; their present publication I find distinctly commonplace. Albert A. Manda issues a good pamphlet, called "The Ornamentation of Grounds" — excellent reading from many points of view. Mr. Manda sends out no less than nine catalogues of his various wares. To return for an instant to Moon,

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of Morrisville, Pennsylvania, just mentioned; I am reminded here of a capital brochure published by them some years since, called "What to Plant and Where to Plant It." Volumes of free information in landscape-gardening are now pouring from the presses of the land; one almost wonders whether the profession of landscape architecture may not be in danger — no, it is my belief that the more intelligence developed upon this great subject the more the general public will feel the need of expert professional advice and assistance.

At Arlington Heights, near Chicago, Klehm's Nurseries publish an attractive list, remarkable for the number of varieties of given species offered, such as syringa, spirea, and philadelphus, for example, and for what was the astonishing comparative cheapness of its most excellent stock. This house should be given credit for the remarkable grafted elms it is now selling — in use, I understand, in the Boston Park system — very desirable for symmetry, immunity from pests, and generally handsome appearance.

The Andorra Nurseries, at Chestnut Hill, near Philadelphia, publish an attractive booklet, entitled "Distinctive Trees and Plants," bearing on

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its cover a decorative drawing of the flower of the tulip-tree. This, however, is not the principal list issued by this firm. The book of evergreen trees of Hill, of Dundee, Illinois, gaudy and cheap-looking, is nevertheless good of its kind.

By far the finest of such catalogues, and one which has but now come to my notice, is that of the California Nursery Company, of Niles, California. This is, of course, of local interest first, but as an educational force it is of general interest too. Its pictures and text are equally delightful; it embraces many unfamiliar subjects, from the bougainvillea to the Smyrna fig, from the cypress to the prune, and it should serve as a kind of horticultural Baedeker to the California traveller. Carl Purdy's list of native California plants sent out from Ukiah is another of these local lists of great interest. Theodore Payne, of Los Angeles, sends forth a very valuable booklet on "Wild Flowers of California."

Two unusual catalogues, and those of a nature to be of special interest to the owner or maker of a formal garden, are of trained fruit-trees. It is true that we have yet to learn the ravishing beauty of fruit-trees for the spring garden, exactly as it is true that we (whose spring is really one vast

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orchard in bloom) have yet to learn the general use of flowering apples, crabs, and cherries on our grounds and in our gardens. I commend especially to those who can afford them the idea of espaliers of the pear, the apple, the plum, as objects through which a rare quality of decorative beauty may be had. One of the lists is that of Otto Lochman, of Wallingford, Pennsylvania. Julius Roehrs is a dealer in such trees also, and these are mentioned as having a distinct bearing upon advanced horticulture in this country.

Under catalogues of thirty pages or over, devoted to special plants, come those concerned with peonies, irises, and phloxes. The Peterson Nursery Company, of Chicago, issues a small list of irises of sixteen pages, which is absolutely the most beautiful sent out in the country, illustrating irises Monsignor, Purple King, Koenig Darius, and Lohengrin, which are really captivating in beauty. Shoup, of Dayton, Ohio, has a restricted but very handsome list of irises. Peonies begin to receive special attention, as shown by lists devoted to these delightful flowers. D. W. C. Ruff, of Bald Eagle, Lake Minnesota, issues a capital list, plain in form but full of peony knowledge, especially of all the great French varieties. Good & Reese, of

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Springfield, Ohio, are large dealers in this flower. But the most elaborate and complete book of the peony alone is, I think, that of the Mohican Peony Gardens, at Sinking Springs, Pennsylvania. This is truly a delightful handbook of the peony, with half-tones as illustrations and careful descriptions of each variety listed. Another excellent list in black-and-white is the peony list T. C. Thurlow's Sons send out, a dignified and excellent catalogue; and I happen to be old-fashioned enough to think that some of this dignity arises from the fact that the firm does no business on Sunday, going even to the point of excluding visitors from their grounds on that day. There is something specially frank and honest about the Thurlow list, as there is about those others of Lovett, of Little Silver, New Jersey, and of our friend, Frederick H. Horsford, of Charlotte, Vermont — and in thus speaking I would not intend any unpleasant inferences — no, not at all.

To go back for an instant — every one knows F. H. Horsford, of Vermont; his modest and compact catalogue is a welcome visitor each January. Lovett, of Little Silver, New Jersey, sends out a very interesting list of fruits and flowers, and a group of good growers at Painesville, Ohio, also is-

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sue lists of about this size and character — Storrs & Harrison (whose book is, indeed, larger than the others), Ralph Huntington, and Martin Kohankie, an adventurer in plants. No less than three excellent small catalogues are sent out this year by as many women — Mrs. Strunsky, of Englewood, New Jersey; Mrs. Wolcott, of Jackson, Michigan, and Mrs. McFate, of Turtle Creek, Pennsylvania. In the charming list of Frank M. Thomas, West Chester, Pennsylvania, an amateur whose first catalogue is out this season, "A Classification of Color Terms," I find a remarkable piece of writing.*

Farr's, of Wyomissing, Pennsylvania, is the largest of such lists as we are now considering, and this is a catalogue of great value. It is so evidently the result of much research reading and experiment, its list of varieties in irises and peonies are so exhaustive and seem to be classified to such perfection, that I have come to turn to it as to a book of reference on these flowers. Its color-plates, too, are of uncommon excellence.

Roses are next on our group of catalogues of

* Mr. Thomas fell in France during the war. His business is carried on as a memorial to him under the name of the Twin Larches Nurseries by a relative and a friend. It is his due that this should be made known.

—L. Y. K.

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special flowers. And who could do without that fine book of Walsh's, of Woods Hole, Massachusetts, without the endless variety offered here, the accuracy in description, above all that exceptionally good page of cultural instructions for the growing of the rose? Totty, of Madison, New Jersey, sends us a good-looking list of roses, the blot upon which this year is the name of a new ever-blooming polyanthus rose — Baby Doll!

While it is true that the small but very handsome list of the E. G. Hill Company, of Richmond, Indiana, is mainly for florists, I have become so enamoured of that glory of a red rose, Hoosier Beauty, that I must mention its originator's publication here. Its cover is in black-and-white, a picture of Hoosier Beauty. This is said to be a good summer as well as greenhouse rose. I have never seen Château de Clos Vougeot, one of the parents of Hoosier Beauty, grown to perfection; but Hoosier Beauty reminds me of it in color and in velvetlike texture, and I cannot believe that any dark rose exists more sumptuous in hue, more elegant in form, than Hoosier Beauty. For the sake of this rose alone the list of Hill is worth while. On the other hand, here is shown a chrys-

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anthemum called by the lugubriously suggestive name of Early Frost. Why thus gratuitously dampen our gardening spirits? The small catalogue is in most excellent taste, and may be said to prove this point—that a good list in black and white is far more acceptable than a poor one in color. Conard & Jones's is as colorful a catalogue as one may find; but the color of the great roses therein set forth seems to me to be particularly adequate, and their list is not only an all-embracing one but reliable. The wonderful new colors and types of cannas evolved by Antoine Wintzer, connected with this firm, are known the world over; alas, that the Department of Agriculture in Washington should yearly set forth, to this day, the abominable example of the round beds filled with cannas and edged with geraniums, as shown in this book.

The dahlia is a flower which is not now languishing for want of attention. Otis P. Chapman, of Westerly, Rhode Island, issues a restricted list of exceedingly fine varieties; but the apogee of dahlia publications is certainly reached in the book of the Peacock Dahlia Farms, of Berlin, New Jersey, which bears upon its cover the modest legend, "The World's Best Dahlias." An excellent repre-

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sensation of the fine flower of John Wanamaker appears upon the cover, a flower well worth presenting to the public as, to my own great satisfaction in it, I can testify.

Another dahlia-grower calls himself the Dahlia king! He is Mr. Alexander, of East Bridgewater, Massachusetts, who, however, nearly makes good his claim to the title on the strength of the great number of varieties shown in his fine catalogue. These are the larger lists concerned with the dahlia. Among the little ones, a tiny thing some three inches square stands out pre-eminent to me as one of the most perfect lists ever issued in America — it is that of Clifford White, of Grosse Isle, Michigan; fronted by a charming photograph of a hybrid cactus dahlia; beautifully printed and bound, it is a bit of a treasure in such things.

David Herbert & Son, of Atco, New Jersey, issue a list of dahlias, very comprehensive and well printed, the cover a plain green of good tone and the collection of flowers offered apparently choice.

When the small blue-bound list of Chester J. Hunt, of Montclair, appeared on the gardening horizon, it was as if a new star had risen. We look, and with reason, to the best English lists as our models of what the seed, bulb, or plant list

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should be; and this list of tulips and daffodils, in its completeness, its careful descriptive text, its excellent prefatory notes, and its color sense, is head and shoulders above most that we have—much more like an English list. Temperamentally it differs from an English list. It is buoyant in language—in fact, almost affectionate in appreciation of the beauties it describes.

Lists of gladioli alone are now legion. They are always fluttering through our mails, Cowee's, of Berlin, New York, perhaps the earliest to have been devoted to this flower alone. It is now in very sumptuous dress and rainbowlike in color. A charming catalogue comes each year from the Tracys, of Wenham, Massachusetts, others from groups of men in Ohio, such as Bidwell and Fobes, the successors of that wonderful Frank Banning, to whom we owe gladiolus America and that other beauty Niagara. Clark W. Brown and Joe Coleman are two notable growers of gladioli in the same State, and send out attractive little books; John Lewis Childs, of course, offers a huge list. But it has remained for this season to introduce to me the remarkable list of the only woman grower of the gladiolus, commercial grower, that I know. This woman is Miss Mary Lois Haw-

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kins. The cover belies the contents, which are of unusual value, especially since fourteen evidently very fine new varieties are here offered for the first time from a private collection. Here is the gladiolus collector's opportunity.

The well-printed booklet of A. E. Kunderd, of Goshen, Indiana, originator of the very striking Mrs. Frank Pendleton, Jr., and of the ruffled hybrids of the gladiolus, is very interesting of its kind; to the hybridist particularly perhaps, because to none but actual hybridizers of a flower can the extra frill in a daffodil or gladiolus edge be entirely exciting. The new hybrids of *Gladiolus primulinus* should be pleasant to see, partly because of the charm of the species, in its wonderful colors and peculiar grace, and partly because, in the hands of so patient and successful a worker as Mr. Kunderd is known to be, there will surely be rare productions from them. The great drawback of this list is the presence of many peculiarly dull and even ugly names for new varieties of gladioli. Gold Throat, for example, may be descriptive — but Lily Blotch, Billy Red, and Splendorra!

To sum up: the great lack in the American seed list is the lack of correct color-description. Superlatives in descriptive writing of flowers we pass

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good-humoredly by, for the very fact that there is not one of us, in the guild of gardening women at least, who does not make use of these ourselves! Impossible to write or speak of beauty in measured terms. We must remember that enthusiasts write these catalogues. Yet no; on sober second thought, why should not our lists take on more restraint of language and less flamboyancy of cover and illustration? So surely as our own plant and seed lists improve, so surely shall our gardens, the gardens of America, reflect this rise toward taste and knowledge in horticulture. Mr. E. H. Wilson declares that the lover of plants must and will have a larger voice in the variety that shall be grown in gardens. The solution of the present problem will be found in both amateur and dealer becoming more and more progressive. "That the nurserymen and seedsmen want the amateur's suggestion and criticism I feel certain. At present all is too commercial." Commercial to an extent it must be; co-operative as between dealers and amateurs it must be too, and more now than ever before, when the whole land is awake to the great occupation of gardening.

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I approve your printing.* Bury a few copies against this Island is rediscovered. Some American versed in the old English language will translate it and revive the true taste in gardening; though he will smile at the diminutive scenes on the little Thames when he is planting a forest on the banks of the Oronoko. I love to skip into futurity and imagine what will be done on the giant scale of a new hemisphere.

— HORACE WALPOLE to REVEREND WM. MASON, 1775.

*An essay on gardening.

XIII

ON FORMING A GARDEN CLUB

A COMMENT on the garden movement in America has become nearly a platitude. The evidences of deep and growing interest are on every side. Often do I think of the satisfaction with which the pioneers in American gardening would, if they were living, look upon the fruits of their labors — Downing, Ames, Berckmans, Buist, Ellwanger, Landreth, Vick — those devoted horticulturists whose work and whose writings in the early days were surely the American sources of the present almost feverish activities. The sentiment has suddenly crystallized, so suddenly and with such intensity that if it were not so delightful it would be amusing. The ubiquitous Garden Club is here.

If all gardeners felt as I sometimes do — that, used in connection with the charming art and pursuit upon which so many of us are bent in these latter days, the word “organize” has almost the

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effect of an affront — why should we discuss here or elsewhere the question of organizing in order to garden better? That word organization seems to me to be enveloped in a dark cloud of other baneful words, such as Constitution, By-Laws, Dues, all these bearing on their face little or no relation to the occupation with which we must ally them here. But, granting them to be necessities, let us see how they may best serve us as we consider the matter set forth in our title.

The organization of most garden clubs is, I imagine, brought about with real spontaneity and in very informal fashion. Two or three people, usually women — the reader will have noticed Miss Shelton's amusing explanatory reference to women's part in gardening in the preface to her "Beautiful Gardens in America" — two or three women, then, happen to meet in a brightly blooming garden, or on a terrace or piazza overlooking the same. The talk is all of the beauty before them. The wish is put into words by one or another of the group that a number of friends and acquaintances might gather at stated times for the purpose of discussing garden topics. Then follows a meeting of say twelve to twenty interested ones, the actual organizing, the election of officers, the

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appointing of a few committees, and lo! a new garden club is in existence.

As to rules and general matters of organization, the less red tape the better, and this especially where the number is comparatively small. But in clubs numbering a membership of from twenty to thirty up, a fairly solid framework is essential to profitable existence.

Here is a simple outline for a Constitution, to serve as a working basis only:

Article 1. *Name.*

Article 2. *Object:* The advancement of gardening.

Article 3. *Officers:* The officers of this Club shall be a President, a Vice-President, a Secretary, and a Treasurer.

Article 4. *Executive Committee:* The affairs of this Club shall be managed by an Executive Committee consisting of the officers and two members, all to be elected annually.

Article 5. *Membership:* The membership shall be limited to active and associate. Associate members pay more dues. Qualification for membership shall be an active interest in gardening.

Article 6. *Committee on Elections:* The Executive Committee shall be the Committee on Elec-

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tions. Any one may propose a candidate for admission. Election consists of a unanimous vote by the Executive Committee.

Article 7. *Meetings*: How many and where held. Hours for summer and winter should vary. Light refreshments shall or shall not be served at the discretion of the hostess.

Article 8. *Dues*.

Article 9. This would have to do with a person or committee whose business it shall be to arrange the exchanging of plants or cuttings between members.

For the very informal and absolutely democratic garden club which we have in my special dwelling-place, although we are fifty-odd in number, a President, two Vice-Presidents, and a Recording Secretary, who is also treasurer, are all that we feel to be essential in the way of officers. Our dues are but twenty-five cents a year — our meetings are held about once a month from February (catalogues fresh upon us!) to October. No club could be simpler than this in its origin, aims, and methods. There is but one qualification for membership — an interest in gardening. We have, besides dwellers in the town proper, a number of farmers' wives, one of whom is our greatest expert

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in flower-growing out of doors and whose own masses of glorious and rare flowers are a sight to see. A philosopher too she is, this woman to whom we all look up in gardening, a woman with a ready wit.

"Folks say, 'Everything grows for you,'" she told me one day, "and I tell 'em, 'You don't never see what I lose!' And I never lay it to the seed," she added reflectively, "I think it's generally the condition of the ground."

The activities of the garden club in the small town may be many and varied, so a little practical advice as to meetings may not be out of place. The hour for meetings should vary in spring, summer, and autumn. Late afternoon is almost invariably the time which suggests itself for mid-summer gatherings; earlier in the day for spring and autumn conferences. Always have on the table of the presiding officer a few specimen flowers or foliage cuttings, *correctly labelled*. This is a stimulus which acts in many directions. Allow as little business as possible to come before regular meetings — bend all your energies there to discussion of the horticultural subject. Accumulate as rapidly as may be a few good books as the nucleus of a club library, never considering Bailey's great

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Cyclopædia of Horticulture as anything but a necessity, though you may be compelled to call it an eventual one. Lists of garden books can be had from any one who has really studied the subject, but such lists should be more discriminating than those I have thus far chanced to see. Many worthless books are usually included in them. An examining member, herself a practical gardener, on the Library Committee of a garden club would be well.

If a regular course should be desired by any garden club, the compiling of a programme should not be difficult. One such already exists, arranged by the editor of a New York periodical for women. Access to libraries should not make the getting up of such a programme over-trying, however. If, for instance, an outline of the history of the art of gardening should be desired for winter deliberations (and let me here assert my firm belief that nothing could be better for us all as individual gardeners), such an outline may be found in volumes II and III, 1889 and 1890, of "Garden and Forest," and from no less a pen than that of Mrs. Schuyler Van Rensselaer.

Papers by members may seem a bugbear in a club's beginnings. Help this matter by providing

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material to be read by different ones, by accumulating such material and by consulting the files of the delightful and lamented paper, "Garden and Forest"; look back at your old copies of "House and Garden" for articles by experts. Cultural and horticultural advice ten or fifteen or forty years old, for the same climate, is in many respects as good to-day as when freshly written. Here is a list of suggested topics for papers, gathered from various sources, with one or two original suggestions whose value I admit is debatable:

"Spring or Fall Planting, Which?"

"The Twelve Best Seed Catalogues Now Current."

"The Question of the Fence."

"Other People's Gardens."

"The Newer Varieties of Vegetables."

"The New Chinese Shrubs."

"A Garden of Irises."

"A Green Garden."

"Roses and Rose Culture."

"Shrubs and Trees to Attract Birds."

"A Joseph's Coat Garden."

"The Artistic Use of So-called Bedding-out Plants."

"Structural Green in the Garden."

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"Is the Pergola an American Necessity?"

"Garden Design."

"The Need of a Plan for the Small City or Suburban Lot."

"The Spring Garden."

An occasional lecture by one thoroughly versed in some special subject connected with the garden is a wonderful fillip to interest in meetings. In our club, where the dues are so small, we cannot engage speakers. But should an authority on gardening happen to be in the town, we seize upon him or her and demand a few crumbs of garden wisdom as our right. But — not too many lectures, or individual participation lags. Once or twice a season experience meetings are well. Call the roll, asking each member beforehand to use three minutes in describing her greatest success or most depressing failure during the past season. The severest garden club atmosphere under this treatment warms and glows.

Too many lectures, I may repeat, hurt rather than help. Too much intensive work is apt to grow dull. To strike the delicate balance is the needed thing. Above all, to get many members actively to work — this is the secret of success in any organization of any kind.

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The very life-blood of any meeting is free and intelligent discussion, and this is always present in the garden club of our town. Always the hidden gifts of knowledge and of expression which come to light prove a delightful thing. Small concerted movements on the part of the club are common. For example, the receiving vault in our cemetery needed a hanging of green; the garden club bought a dozen good creepers of unusual character — *Evonymus radicans* (var. *vegeta*), and *Ampelopsis Lowii*, to be explicit, and thus filled this small public want. A bride in a new house with ungarnished grounds receives a visit from a large committee of the club, each of whom brings her quota of shrub and plant from her own store. Seeds and plants are constantly exchanged between members. But the true beauty of this club is its democracy. Every woman is welcome to the house in which the meeting chances to be held. I quite realize that this is possible or practicable only in the smaller community; but one cannot but dream of the time when it will be common in the large.

In some garden clubs an extra officer is elected to manage the exchanging of seeds and plants between members. This is sometimes effected by the handing in of cards with names of things

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wanted and of cards with names of things superfluous. One person can thus readily rectify matters to the satisfaction of all. I shall never forget the pretty sight at the meeting of a certain adorable garden club, where heaps of pink-wrapped bundles of the roots of hardy pale-yellow chrysanthemums were free for all to take home as many as they liked! For most of us things multiply so quickly. We should remember that *Achillea ptarmica*, The Pearl, for instance, is actually listed in many catalogues at fifteen cents, and that there are many aspiring if less well-posted gardeners to whom the greedy thing is worth that sum!

In the garden club of Alma we have sixteen groups of women, each group charged with the business of growing the best flowers from seed. The groups at present are as follows: sweet-william, zinnia, gladiolus, iris, columbine, poppy, Shasta daisy, geranium, dahlia, larkspur, stock, and others whose names may readily occur to the reader. These groups meet at their own convenience, buy their seeds, plant and take care of the trial bed allotted to them.

A year ago a fine formal garden, whose owner was away, was lent us by this absent friend to use by our groups as a trial garden. The various beds



ARTEMISIA LACTIFLORA WITH PINK POPPY

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of the garden were ideal bits of ground for this practice, and the place itself by August was a picture of beauty. We tried not to use it as a mere target to throw flowers at, but to keep the unities a little in mind. On a day in May the large borrowed garden was an interesting sight, with groups of people actively engaged in cultivating, planting, and sowing every bed. And in September a yet more interesting picture was there, for the flowers had done marvellously well, and squares of zinnia, dahlia, petunia, aster, stock, verbena, and gladiolus in a setting of well-kept turf made a pretty spectacle. It would be well if such generosity could be oftener shown in the lending of the unused garden. However, if a garden is not at hand, a vacant lot might be secured. Such trial grounds are invaluable, both for the education and pleasure which they give to members of a garden club, and as objects of public interest, comment, and example.

An annual gladiolus show on very simple lines is arranged for August. This, by the way, I believe to be the simplest, most effective small flower show possible, and therefore perhaps the best with which to start. Given a broad, non-windy piazza, a few boards and barrels, some dark-green cam-

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bric, five or six dozens of glass fruit-jars, and the thing is done. The gilded ribbons for prizes can readily be made at home. And when one or two speakers are added, too, at the time of the flowery array, to hold forth briefly on the matter of classification, naming, and the best uses of the flower of the day, the little show is sure to become a yearly event to many people.

We have found it best to begin with the gladiolus in entering upon a course of flower shows, but the tulip would be a comparatively simple flower to use in this way, as would the sweet pea. Daffodils would be somewhat more difficult, owing to their rather involved classification. The dahlia, however, affords a magnificent subject for garden-club exhibiting. I would suggest for the very glory of it, though I do not know whether or not this has ever been done, a show composed exclusively of rambler roses and delphiniums. Garlands, festoons of delicious little pink roses, ranging from those faintly tinged with color to such rich hues as are in *Excelsa*, arranged so that they seem to start from pots; of such dwarf ramblers as *Ellen Poulson*, and at intervals in the background sheaves of blue to bluest delphiniums!

Shows of annuals only should be interesting and

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effective, and I hope the time may come when we shall have little shows of the finer geraniums and dwarf cannas, that these beautiful and ever-blooming flowers may again find place in our good gardening schemes. An autumn show comprising both flowers and vegetables is often tried and found successful. I shall never forget the beauty and originality of effect of a rich basket at a recent garden club show of this type. The occupants of this basket were ears of a purplish-black corn, delicate green heads of lettuce, egg-plant, and the purple-blue flower of an artichoke. One could not fancy a more decorative color effect than this. A rose show, too, suggests itself as a matter of course. And how amusing it would be to try the experiment of a show to be composed entirely of blue flowers — the varying ideas of that hue would be everywhere in evidence, and what opportunities for enlightening comparisons!

That the garden club shall keep abreast of the general march of gardening knowledge, a membership on the part of some officer or member is advisable in all the societies in this country which make a study of special plants, such as the American Peony Society, the American Rose Society, and so on. Also memberships in large horticul-

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tural organizations are highly desirable, as in this way the help of the many is brought to the few.

Now, as to the social side of the small garden club. In no other department of social life can such independence of spirit be shown as here. This is due to the fact that members and their guests are absorbed by the fascination of study and discussion of gardening in one or another of its forms; it matters not to them what they shall eat, what they shall drink — I had almost added, wherewithal they shall be clothed. For clubs in a smaller community the question of the collation is often and naturally, however, a matter for concern. Let the articles limit this as they do in the suggested constitution; but, more than this, let the individual hostess occasionally omit the pleasant cup of tea. Do not be bound by a trifling custom which fades into the background where so important a matter as garden talk is and should be uppermost.

The time is here when any beginning garden club can map out its plans with no difficulty and may start on its career with high hopes of success. It is common knowledge that the very character of the gardening interest makes people more ready to help than in almost any other form of organized

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work. There is something in this charming practice of working in and on flowers which gives us a rare friendship with each other. It must be that the very elements of wind, rain, sun, so freely sent us, and without which we could do nothing, have their leavening influence upon the spirit, and make one generous and self-forgetting in gardening.

DON'TS FOR THE BENEFIT OF CHAIRMEN OF EXHIBITION COMMITTEES *

BY MRS. WILLIAM H. CARY

Don't fail to appoint the chairman of your classification committee, and ask her to appoint her committee at least six months before the show. She and they will accept then when they may not later.

Don't fail to be at each meeting of the classification committee and help them get out their preliminary schedule six months ahead of show. Your presence helps both chairmen.

Don't fail to have your final schedules printed and in your hand one month before the show; also see that entry blanks are mailed to each member in same envelope with schedule.

* Reprinted from the Year Book of the Garden Club of New Canaan, Conn., by kind permission of Mrs. Cary and of the Club. These rules are for a more highly organized club than that just described.

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Don't give out your schedules at a meeting, or members may protest they have never received one.

Don't fail to order everything needed for publicity work, information for the papers, invitation cards, colored tags, and red and blue prize ribbons or prize cards, fully a month before show.

Don't think seeing one proof is enough. See the last proof the day the schedule is printed.

Don't forget to count your vases or containers, and be sure you have enough. The number needed differs each year according to your schedule.

Don't fail to see that the green covering for the exhibition tables is in good condition, at least three weeks before the show. The moisture and rats may have destroyed it, and it may take some time to procure more of the same color.

Don't store your papier-maché vases inside each other when wet. Next year's chairman will need hammers to loosen them.

Don't spend too much time or money decorating the hall. The flowers, when put in place, are decoration enough.

Don't attempt an outdoor show. Wind and rain are sure to ruin it.

Don't forget to provide the following articles

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for the morning before the show — two water-pitchers, tacks, hammers, string, wooden plates, and sphagnum moss, if needed for exhibition trays. On the morning of the exhibition have fountain pens, extra name-cards and envelopes, and schedules for each member of all committees and exhibitors.

Don't fail to see that badges for all committees are on hand, and ask all members to wear them.

Don't fail to wear old clothes and an apron with pockets.

Don't be too busy to take the judges aside a few minutes before they judge, and go carefully over the rules in your schedule. No two sets of judges have the same rules for judging, and they like to have yours explained. Have a small committee of women go around with judges to open name cards of winners, and, wherever you can, be lenient about throwing out exhibits. Remember it may be the fault of your own committee that the exhibits are not counted or placed correctly.

Don't open the windows on the windward side of the hall. Wind and direct sun ruin exhibits.

Don't fail to go back to the hall in the afternoon, and have some of your committee present. There will be numerous questions to be answered,

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and your reception committee, who give out schedules to visitors, may not be able to answer technical flower questions.

Don't forget to provide late luncheons at the hotel for the professional judges, as they come at twelve and do not finish until after two. Find out when inviting the women from other clubs, who judge the artistic classes, whether they will lunch before leaving home or on arrival, and make your arrangements accordingly.

Don't try to arrange your own flowers for exhibit the morning of the show. Have everything ready the night before.

Don't forget to have a clearing-up committee, and have men engaged to put away stands, tables, and replace chairs. Provide money for feeing, and pay as many bills in cash as possible.

Don't fail, where the judges are professional, to ask the names and addresses of their employers, that you may write a note of acknowledgment to the employers, who have allowed their men to be absent a whole day.

DUTIES OF CLASSIFICATION COMMITTEE AND THEIR CHAIRMAN

The chairman of the classification committee is appointed by the chairman of the exhibition com-

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mittee or by the president of the club. She prepares a preliminary schedule of all the classes for the coming show, and reads it to the club several months before the show, asking for suggestions, and also giving the club a chance to plant the special flowers for the show designated in schedule. She gives in this schedule rules for judging, with the percentage allowed for color, quality, form, and condition. Rules for exhibiting are given, also, and it is stated that breaking these rules will disqualify.

On the day of the show the class committee pass upon all entries, to be sure they are entered according to schedule, and, where possible, count number entered in each exhibit.

DUTIES OF EXHIBITION COMMITTEE AND THEIR CHAIRMAN

The chairman of the exhibition committee is appointed by the president of the Garden Club. She appoints her own committee of about twenty, and divides their work into three parts:

First Division: Takes entire charge of Exhibition Hall. No one else enters. They apportion the space needed for each class on the exhibition tables by consulting the entry cards, as every member has signified the classes she is to enter.

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This division places large printed cards, with the class name in each space. They receive and place in its proper space each entry after the classification committee has passed it.

Second Division: Receives, in a part of the building convenient to outdoor entrance and running water, all flower exhibits. They see that tags and class numbers are properly attached, and assist exhibitor to select and count. They have a schedule always before them which they can explain. They pass the entries, in their vases, on to classification committee.

Third Division: Does the same with vegetables that the second division has with flowers. The whole exhibition committee is the clearing-up committee, after the show, and returns property.

Note. — In some cases, where gardeners wish to make elaborate arrangements of their flowers or vegetables, in collection, they do so on tables provided for the purpose in the Exhibition Hall, by special permission of the chairman.

XIV

**VOCATIONS FOR WOMEN IN
AGRICULTURE**

I have a gardener that has lived with me above five and twenty years; he is incredibly ignorant and a mule. . . . I have offered him fifteen pounds to leave me, and when he pleads that he is old and that nobody else will take him, I plead that I am old too, and that it is rather hard that I am not to have a few flowers, or a little fruit as long as I live.

—HORACE WALPOLE to the EARL OF HARCOURT, Strawberry Hill, Oct. 18, 1777.

XIV

VOCATIONS FOR WOMEN IN AGRICULTURE*

I BRING to-day to this subject a mind glowing with what lies around us in Michigan in the autumn of 1920. Our county is one where diversified farming is the rule. This year's crops have rarely been equalled. While the hay crop was light and the wheat promised well but was injured by rust, the rye crop was good, the barley very fine, also the late beans. The sugar-beets are the best in the twenty-one years of beet-growing in Michigan, and never were more magnificent fields of corn. Saved by warm weather and delayed September frosts, not before have we seen such tall and even stalks by millions; never were the ears larger or better filled than in the harvest of 1920.

When one lives, as I do, on the edge of the farms, one thinks of them often and of their various aspects. To-day, in spite of the many troub-

* A paper read October, 1920, at Massachusetts Agricultural College, on the occasion of the opening of the dormitory for women students of agriculture.

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les encountered by the farmer, Aristotle's dictum comes to one with a special meaning: "The cultivators of the soil are the least inclined to sedition and to violent courses." It is an occupation to steady, to quiet, as well as to provide. It is an occupation which, in many of its forms, is growing attractive to women, and in all but its heaviest physical aspects farming is a calling suited to women as well as to men.

The great forward impetus to the movement of women workers on the land came, of course, from the work of the two armies of women land-workers during the war in Great Britain and America. And the first step taken in this country to organize the Women's Land Army was taken by the Woman's National Farm and Garden Association. The association had been slowly building up a foundation for work of this kind. In December, 1913, before war was in the minds of Americans, a group of twelve women met in Philadelphia, and decided that the banding together of women whose interests lay in out-of-door work might serve both as a stimulus to others to go out upon the land and as a centre for mutual help through exchange of knowledge in making known our agricultural institutions, and in bringing together — please

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remember that this was nearly seven years ago — consumer and producer. Our motto was, and is, “Thrift and Beauty.” The work of the association has met with a success undreamed of by its founders. While the membership needs enlargement, for expenses are constantly increasing, the value of the association is daily recognized. It is unique in its field. Its national office, Stevens Building, 16 North Wabash Avenue, Chicago, is a centre of information for members and others, an agency for employers and employed, and as busy a meeting-place as there is in the country. I speak of the Woman’s National Farm and Garden Association in detail, for the reason that it is the only organization in this country devoted to offering help to women in agriculture and horticulture. It is the organization which constantly and consistently preaches the value of work on the land for women, from both the economic and the personal standpoint; it is the organization which would bring the pale stenographer, the teacher who cannot and who should not teach, or the fine teacher who has taught too long, into the fields and gardens of this great land of farms and gardens. I mention now a few names of members, to show the varieties of their occupations.

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Looking at our directory of members, and taking some names at random: Mrs. T. O. Atkinson, of Doylestown, Pennsylvania, raises nut-trees from seed; Mrs. Henry Burden, Cazenovia, New York, organized her own farm, exhibited hens, and published articles in "The Rural New Yorker"; Miss Josephine Clarke, of Southridge, Massachusetts, has three acres of vegetables and two thousand gladiolus bulbs; Miss Jean Cross, Yonkers, New York, gives illustrated talks on school gardens, back-yard and window gardens; Mrs. Edward Bewley Davis, Newtown, Pennsylvania, breeder of Ayrshire cattle, draft horses, old English sheep-dogs, and Rhode Island red poultry; Mrs. Myrtle Shepherd Francis, Ventura, California, specialist in petunia seed — her seed is known all over the world; Mrs. Gillette, of Fort Solange, Long Island, wild turkeys and hens; Mrs. Gill, Medford, Massachusetts, peonies, hollyhock hybrids, and perpetual roses; Mrs. Wm. Roy Smith, general farming, especially potatoes, apple growing, and small fruits, teacher of economics in Bryn Mawr College; Miss Letitia Wright, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, expert in bees, has an apiary; Mrs. Arthur Scribner, New York and Mount Kisco, also a bee expert; Mrs. Jennie M. Conrad, Conrad, Indiana,

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stock breeding, spotted Poland China hogs; Mrs. Charles H. Munger, Duluth, Minnesota, farming; Mrs. D. W. C. Ruff, St. Paul, Minnesota, phlox, gladioli, peonies, dahlias, has published. We have a member in New York State who raises willows for baskets; we have goat-farmers, chicken-raisers, sheep and cattle experts; we have women truck-gardeners, whose work has been conspicuous, and many women landscape-gardeners and fine flower-gardeners are among our members.

Perhaps, however, I should bring to a close my panegyric on the Woman's National Farm and Garden Association, and proceed to discuss in detail the effectiveness of its relations to vocations for women in agriculture. Since one of our activities in the association is the providing of a bureau of information for women's agricultural interests, what more natural than for the society's president to turn thither for help when considering this subject? Miss Webb, the executive secretary, has given me the following facts, which are here repeated as received.

"My experience," writes Miss Webb, "shows that opportunities for women in agriculture have increased in recent years at least as rapidly as the supply of well-trained women. The number of

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women who are taking up agriculture as a vocation is increasing more rapidly than it would have if women had not gone into this work for patriotic motives during the war. Now many of these women are not content to work indoors, and are fitting themselves by training and practical experience to take up some form of agriculture as a vocation. These women are successful as assistants, but have not had sufficient experience to fit them for the better positions.

"In spite of the greatly increased number of women workers, there are not enough women to fill the demands for assistants, and there is still a lack of well-trained women for the more responsible positions. Farm units in fruit sections are still made up largely of inexperienced workers; farms and estates sometimes will take girls with little or no experience if it is a choice between these and no help at all, but the general call is for women with suitable qualifications, as follows:

"1. *Physical strength to work eight hours a day without becoming exhausted.* This means, as a rule, that the girl must have done this one or two seasons, and has her muscles in good condition.

"2. *Experience in ordinary farm or garden operations:* planting, hoeing, weeding — in some cases

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more is required, as handling a team, mowing with hand-scythe, potting plants, pruning, caring for shrubs and lawn, etc. Farmers and superintendents are willing to show the workers to a certain extent, but not the simplest kinds of work.

"3. *Good character*: The girl must be of good character, reliable, and able to take care of herself, as she goes out as an individual worker, not under a camp supervisor, as was the case in the Woman's Land Army camps. If she fails in this respect she gives a bad name to all other women workers, and the good workers suffer.

"4. *Special qualifications* vary with the position. The list of positions which women are now filling will show some of the special qualifications necessary.

"Whether the demand for women workers will continue or increase depends entirely on the satisfaction that the present workers give. In sections where women have done well, *e. g.*, Bedford, New York, the call for workers is always greater the next year."

Returning for a moment to the association: In war work, in marketing, in special information, this association did, and is doing, very active and effective work. Its scholarships are distributed

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over nine States. And let me add that no general mention of the Farm and Garden Association is now made in any place, at any time, without reference to the amazingly fine work of the New England branch, under the able leadership of its officers and their committees, and of its devoted members. This work of the New England branch is well known to the Massachusetts Agricultural College and its friends; not only by what the branch has been able to do for the college, but by the great help given by the college to the branch. Eventually we hope that all our branches may be in as close and fruitful co-operation with their nearest agricultural institutions as is the New England branch with this great school of their region.

The records of the association office show nearly twenty fairly distinct farming or gardening channels through which women's activities are now flowing. These are given here with an occasional name of a member as a concrete instance of one now engaged in the various kinds of work.

In nursery work, either as owners or managers, women are doing extremely well—Mrs. Ruth Day, of Spokane, Washington, is a shining instance of this. Mrs. Day, though only twenty-four years of age, is not only the manager of Overman's Nursery

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at Spokane, but a few months ago was elected president of the Pacific Nurseryman's Association. Mrs. Cleveland, of Eatontown, New Jersey, deals in fine irises; Miss Frances McIlvane has the Twin Larches Nurseries at West Chester, Pennsylvania. Many women are raising flowers on a small scale for sale. Others have truck-gardens, and besides selling vegetables and small fruits do canning and jelly-making, which add considerably to their incomes.

In farm management Miss M. holds a position at the Connecticut Industrial Schools for Girls, Middletown, Connecticut, and Miss M—— M. is managing the Robert Bacon Farm, Westbury, Long Island. Many farm or estate owners are managing their own places. Landscape architecture, or the vocation of consulting gardener, is so commonly practised to-day by women as hardly to need mention. My own opinion with regard to this profession is that there are openings now, especially in the Middle and Far West, for women garden designers and planters of the very little garden, the best use of the town or city lot. It is the miniature garden which must always be the possession of the many, and the intelligent use of a small bit of ground is a matter with which

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women are especially qualified to deal. Miss Katherine Jones, instructor in landscape-gardening at the University of California, shares my opinion in this. "I feel," writes she, "that the small home garden is a problem for the women landscape-gardeners, as the men seem to care little to handle problems that bring in such small returns." The producing of maple sugar is the chosen province of work of Miss Alice Brown, of Shelburne, Massachusetts. In Vermont Mrs. Walter Dodd and Mrs. Russell Tyson also market this delicious article. Trained women are teaching gardening and allied subjects, such as botany and nature-study; many calls come to the office for teachers of gardening in schools in the South. There are many opportunities for the teacher of school gardening. Supervisors of garden units and canning are in demand. Miss L. is now in charge of canning and a camp of garden girls at a hotel at Lake Placid, New York.

Occasional offers come of positions combining secretarial work or bookkeeping with out-of-door work. These are on private places. There are now and then calls for a garden-director in a mill district. Miss McC., a graduate of the Pennsylvania School of Horticulture for Women at Ambler,

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holds such a place with certain cotton mills at Lexington, North Carolina. Many women are in charge of small places, including greenhouses, lawns, flower and vegetable gardens, or they direct some part of the work. A very able woman has lately undertaken the remaking and care of a fine rock garden on Long Island; another is at Onteora Park, Tannersville, New York, in charge of the greenhouse and two acres of vegetables and flowers.

As farm-manager or assistant in charge of poultry, dairy, greenhouse in industrial schools, or in connection with schools that have only a vegetable-garden, women are in constant demand. It is very difficult to supply such places. Besides the necessity of training, special qualifications of age, experience, and temperament come into question. Of poultry-farming, beekeeping, and dairy work it is hardly necessary to speak, so many women are successfully engaged in these occupations.

The seasonal work of berry-picking, picking and packing of apples, work in orange groves, and so on, always results in a demand for women workers now, and I would say that the status of the type of seasonal woman worker is decidedly raised since

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the war. I only mention this unskilled and seasonal occupation because in the spring it is in constant demand in the main and branch offices of the Farm and Garden Association. A great new field for woman's work opens now in greenhouse work on estates and small private places, and in commercial establishments as well.

Walking in the gardens of a fine estate on the north shore of Massachusetts this summer, I talked with the superintendent concerning the work of the nine to twelve young women he found employed, on his undertaking of the work this year. "Tell me what you think of them." "They are really first-rate," said he. "When I first came here they were not in the habit of steady work. If one wanted to go off for a day, she went. But now that they have been shown the necessity for continuous work I couldn't ask for better results, and especially in the greenhouse. We must have propagated something like five hundred thousand plants from seed this year. The girls did the work and did it amazingly well."

Animal husbandry is a vocation in agriculture for women less often entered upon than these others — but let me mention here a sentence or two from a letter of one of our members, Miss S.,

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to whom was awarded a scholarship of the Farm and Garden Association. Here is a young enthusiast in this department of agriculture writing from the farm in New York State where she has been at work. "I do hope you will be successful in raising the necessary funds, I am so anxious to go to school; with the practical experience I have had with sheep, cattle, horses, and pigs, a short course will be a great benefit. Aside from my personal tastes, I think the time is upon us now when women are needed who have both the theoretical and practical training in the various branches of animal husbandry. It is just as important that there be meat, and wool, and hides as it is to have vegetables and fruit." Two of our members have acted as caretakers of country places during the winter; and there is a call now for next winter where the position may prove permanent, resulting in the building up of a commercial nursery plant and large vegetable-garden.

Last of all, rural-school teachers are needed who can teach agriculture, living in a community which allows them a small place from which some income can be derived, or who can take charge of agricultural work in all schools in a town or county. Very few women are doing this. A few weeks ago

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Mr. C. D. Jarvis, of the Department of Agriculture, specialist in rural education, wrote us: "Probably there never was a time when there was a greater demand for rural teachers. Although our opinions have changed considerably concerning the methods of teaching in rural schools, and although we realize that teachers with special qualifications are needed for rural-school work, we are employing in this country thousands of teachers who have nothing more than a four-year high-school course, and no professional training whatever. There is no question, therefore, about the opportunities for specially trained women for rural-school work. The remuneration for this work, however, probably will never equal the remuneration obtained from other employments requiring the same qualifications. Those who enter the field, therefore, must expect to make sacrifices. Undoubtedly specially trained women who have the ability to teach according to our modern methods, and who make a success of the work, will always be better remunerated than the ordinary rural teachers."

A paper on such a subject as this is of necessity more of a report than an expression of opinion; and, since in reports of this nature letters are usu-

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ally embodied, I am happy to include here several letters of uncommon point and value — letters received within a month from women who are engaged now in farming or allied occupations. Miss McC., mentioned above, after speaking of the necessity for capital for a woman owning her own farm, writes:

“Among the women in our profession whom I have met, those who own their own farms and raise fruits and small truck, or who have a greenhouse, seem to be most successful. Perhaps because this is my special line, I have paid more attention to the successful women in it. As to the avenues open to women, there is no limit, especially if she has capital for her own farm. She may make a success in any line of the big vital profession of agriculture she may especially be interested in. A woman’s one handicap in the field of agriculture may be when she is a wage-earner in it.

“I am relating a personal experience in Tennessee. I wrote to the man in charge of the Smith-Lever work in that State, applying for a position and stating my training and experience. His reply was that my training was all that was required, and he felt from my recommendations that I was as competent as any man with like ex-

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perience and training, but, because I was a woman, he could not offer the position to me. The home and school garden work seems to open the greatest avenue of success for the professional women in agriculture. Financially I find this pays better and gives a broader scope to develop one's own ideas and plans than holding a position on a private estate in a greenhouse or on a dairy farm."

Dean Watts, of Pennsylvania State College, believes that horticulture offers special inducement to women, both for pleasure and profit. As to fruit-growing, the following paragraphs, at once practical and delightful, from Mrs. S., vice-president of the Pennsylvania Rural Progress Association, are good to have:

"There is no interest more delightful than agriculture for women," writes Mrs. S. "It seems to me that it is quite ideal, and certainly very fine for the health. During these past war years I have had charge of two fruit-farms and one dairy-farm, and with excellent people employed by us on all these farms everything has gone well. The fruit business appeals to me much more than dairying or general farming. It is very scientific and quite concrete. The returns from it are very large at times. This year, with the break-down of

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the railroads and their failure to haul away the large crops going in to Philadelphia, the anxieties have been more than we care for. In other years there has been no trouble to get rid of everything we grew. Our specialties are peaches and apples. We have now three fruit-farms and one dairy-farm. The latter is not profitable, merely holding its own. It is very important for people to study carefully the locality where they intend to farm. It is just as easy to be near the markets as far from them, and very discouraging to try to market your products in some places. New Jersey, and especially Camden and Burlington Counties, is the best location I know of for fruit and truck. Long Island may be good, too, though I know but little about it. Women should beware of neighborhoods where there is no specialty grown, as the marketing game is simply frightful in such places. Poultry-farms do better in neighborhoods where there are other poultry-farms, and fruit-growing in fruit-growing districts. Fully grown fruit-trees (orchards) can be bought, and this is far better than planting young orchards and waiting half of your life for them to develop. Your neighbors, whether progressive or otherwise, make a great difference to you. Broad-

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mindful, helpful neighbors mean a great deal to you. Good roads make an enormous difference, that is, fairly good roads — which do not get soft in winter!”

And last of all, Miss R—— C., of Kennedyville, Maryland, sends this from her father's farm. Miss C. is a graduate of an agricultural college.

“Agriculture for women, and suffrage, are still in the same class. I approve of both, but just how much good will come from either we must wait and see. I have done so many things on the farm that I know other women might do likewise. We criticise women as farmers, yet pass by the man who is a faker. If our women could only be taught to manage, how much would it not mean? No work could be more trying than that done in the open air. When evening comes one is so apt to forget that her charm lies in her personal appearance. I see no reason why women could not be successful with stock and truck, but when it comes to heavy work her strength is not great enough.

“It is not my idea, when I say agriculture for women, to push men out of their jobs. There is room for all. Men seldom have patience or are

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thrifty enough to save on the small scale. A woman does. I have taken pigs that would have been killed because they were weak and raised them without trouble — only patience and a little fussing over. A calf supposedly dead was nursed along to health and is now a splendid cow. My father had sent for the skinner. I found the calf before he did. I have done much work with cattle and know it takes patience, which is indeed lacking in most men.”

From Mrs. H., former executive secretary of the Women’s Land Army of America, now disbanded, comes the following:

“I would say without hesitation that the lines in which we found women most successful during the Land Army experiences were dairying (including all the operations, both heavy and light), truck-gardening, and fruit-picking. I believe that poultry and bees should be added as offering splendid opportunities. I am experimenting with bees myself, and it seems to me it provides a most suitable occupation for women. My work was primarily the placing of green labor — for which reason it is more difficult for me to judge of the possibilities of professional farming for women. But I believe that every year increases these possibilities and

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offers better opportunities for women in agriculture, both in training and in making a real start.

"In Missouri I met a woman whose occupation was the growing of small fruits, at which she was very successful. She had difficulty in securing seasonal labor. I have wished ever since that we might have introduced the idea of the woman fruit-farmer, employing in summer young women of the Land Army type — teachers, students, etc. — making a sort of summer community through the experiment, and herself superintending this work and carrying on the farm during the winter months without the extra help. I believe this sort of plan would be practical in other lines as well — truck-gardening or beekeeping, for example.

"To sum up, I found the most promising avenues open to women to include the dairy, the poultry-farm, beekeeping, the truck-garden, the fruit-farm, and nursery or hot-house work. Untrained girls from our groups have done remarkably good work in these lines, and I know, of course, that trained women have excelled in them."

The secretary of the Bureau of Vocational Information in New York, Miss Emma Hirth, one of our members, some two years ago made a canvass of women engaged in agricultural pursuits of many

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kinds. Briefly summarized, the statements made by these farm women show the following as offering special opportunities for women: beekeeping, dairying, horticulture (including both flowers and ornamental plants), truck-gardening (either general or with specialties such as asparagus, etc.), small fruits, hay, and seed. "Several women," writes Miss Hirth, "strongly urged general farming; a number urged quite as strongly against it. One woman stated that she could never have made a success of general farming if she had not at the same time carried on one or two specialties which kept the general farm going during the lean years. In general, they point out the fact that the type of farm must depend to a considerable extent upon marketing conditions, source of labor, supply, and other factors which have little or nothing to do with the actual ability of the woman herself. The chances of success are good in all the lines of agriculture mentioned above."

In that report, published in May, 1919, out of forty-six pages it is interesting to notice that three are devoted to library work, three to scientific work, seven to social work, while agriculture as a vocation for women has but a page and a half. More than a year has passed since this report was

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published, and even in that year a change has taken place in the attitude of individuals and of the public toward women on the land.

As two concrete examples of this change, the number of women students at this college in whose halls we meet to-day has probably doubled within two years; and whereas, before the war, the office of the Woman's National Farm and Garden Association found it difficult to place two women in a season in out-of-door work, in this spring and summer of 1920 we have placed fifty. With the number hitherto mentioned in this paper, compare also the varieties of out-of-door occupations practised by them to-day and the number of vocations for women in agriculture given by President Butterfield in his admirable foreword to that part of the book, "Vocations for the Trained Woman," devoted to opportunities for women in agriculture. In this volume, issued by the Woman's Educational and Industrial Union of Boston in 1914, President Butterfield names poultry-keeping, small-fruit growing, and floriculture as the lines in which women are most likely to succeed. The report of the subcommittee in England appointed to consider the employment of women in agriculture in England and Wales, pub-

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lished in 1919, says concerning women in dairy-farming: "The committee are of the opinion that this industry specially needs the assistance of women in order to reach its fullest development. In particular, their assistance will be required for milking, rearing, and care of stock and cheese-making."

The excellent pamphlet by Mrs. Roland Wilkins, "The Training and Employment of Educated Women in Horticulture and Agriculture," should be read by persons interested in the subject under discussion here. Published in 1916 by the Woman's Farm and Garden Union of London, it applies to the present, with the exception of figures concerning cost of training and so on, all of which, Mrs. Miles Benson writes me lately, should be multiplied by three. Mrs. Wilkins's impartial pen sets before one clearly the whole question of prospects for women in out-of-door occupations. She paints the disadvantages, the drawbacks of farm life and farm work for women, yet insists that in these lie for many women values that money cannot buy. Also, a thoroughly readable, authoritative, and informing pamphlet is that number of the "Journal of the Farmers' Club" (England) by Mr. T. C. Newham, called "The Future Position

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of Women in Agriculture." This may be obtained for sixpence from The Farmers Club, 2 Whitehall Court, London, S. W. 1.

There is no need to speak of the circumstances which call us together here, of the reality of this work for women, of its fast-developing possibilities. In a remarkable recent sentence of Doctor Bailey's he gives it as his opinion that the past generation was that of the capitalist and financier; the present sees the emergence of labor; but the coming generation shall behold the rise of the farmer. If this is so — and who can doubt the words of him who is at once the prophet and the priest of agriculture in America? — the woman who farms or who is to-day studying the science of farming, has before her a future bright with promise.

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